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SURELY, of all "rights of man," this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest.

—Thomas Carlyle

Four Years at Harvard

By THOMAS W. LAMONT

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YOU'VE NEVER READ A BOOK LIKE THIS ONE

MARGARET HALSEY, author of *Color Blind*

MARGARET HALSEY'S COLOR BLIND, is something new under the sun. It is a book about race relations. It has earned the plaudits of specialists in this field. But it is so amusing that **Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings** of Florida, famous author of "The Yearling," was moved to say: "Miss Halsey's wit and humor and irony should do more good in revealing the hypocrisy of the situation, than a dozen sermons."

COLOR BLIND tells you how to face up to the problems of race relations, to solve them for yourself, so you can live more comfortably and easily for having swept your mind and imagination clean of fetishes, superstitions and fears.

As **Clare Boothe Luce** says: "If this dark and painful question is to be happily solved in our time it will be because a few people have had the courage and intelligence to read the truths about the Negro which Margaret Halsey has had the intelligence and courage to write. Let those who despair because our way of life has bred its political Bilbos rejoice that it also gives us writers like Margaret Halsey who can supply the cure of truth for the cancerous evils which spread through the American system."

When Texas-born **Albert D. Lasker** read this book he said: "I believe COLOR BLIND will excite the nation more than anything I have read on the subject, into a frank facing of just where we are. COLOR BLIND forced me to take an appraisal of myself. I had to look myself for once squarely in the face, and I didn't look exactly the way I hoped I did. I think this is one of the most important books Simon and Schuster ever produced. As a citizen, I thank and congratulate you."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher wrote: "Simply excellent. Exactly what has been needed, what hasn't been said, what nobody personally and emotionally involved could say—what it takes somebody as smart as greased lightning to say! Maybe what I like most about it, is the humane attitude towards Southern white people. The smugness of the Northern white person towards the Southern whites struggling in their self-invented nightmare, is dreadful—like all smugness."

Dr. Daniel Poling, editor of The Christian Herald, says: "The most searching and intelligent race study that has appeared in a long decade."

From **Earnest Albert Hooten,** famous anthropologist: "I consider COLOR BLIND the most helpful and practical book on Negro-White relations that I have read. The author is courageous, sincere, realistic. I like what she writes, the way she writes it, and what she stands for."

One of the Negro Americans who read COLOR BLIND before publication is **Ulysses W. Boykin,** editor of the Detroit Tribune, a leading Negro weekly. He says, "I must confess that although at first, I opened it with faint enthusiasm and a spirit of resignation, thinking it 'just another one of those books on the race question,' by a white person who 'understands Negroes,' my attitude quickly changed upon reading it. Undoubtedly, to my way of thinking, it is the most intelligent, practical and truthful approach to race relations ever to be published."

Virtually all of the comments from nationally known leaders add up to the same conclusion: COLOR BLIND will be widely talked about, widely read, and will prove immeasurably valuable in reducing interracial ill will and strife.

To give you a quick sample of COLOR BLIND, here are a few excerpts:

Miss Halsey's introduction to racial problems was not strikingly original or unusual:

"At college I was first introduced to the social sciences and read in books about the chronic and systematized injustice with which our Negro citizens have to contend. This filled me with a sense of outrage, but I could think of nothing specific and immediate to do. Perhaps I did not try very hard. I was preoccupied in those days with a series of line plunge and running backs whose personal life I aspired to be a feature of, and my subconscious conclusion may very well have been that I had done enough merely by being indignant, and that for the rest, the Negroes would have to wait."

Her first experience in accepting the principle of social equality was revealing:

"I met a Negro girl at a committee meeting and impulsively asked her to come home with me. She is a pretty girl, and of a most engaging color, but I was not entirely comfortable when I walked down the street with her. I wondered whether people were staring, and I was afraid that some hot-eyed Confederate would leap out from behind a lamppost and start denouncing me—in which case I knew I would not rear up and break loose with some comment in a class with the Gettysburg Address."

After a thorough analysis, Margaret Halsey concludes that the word "trouble" rather than the *fact* of trouble is an underlying cause of race problems.

"The word 'trouble' brought forward as an excuse for continuing to deny simple justice to the Negro American, means more than race riots. After the issue of race riots is raised and met, the question is far from closed. On the contrary, we find that we're off in a cloud of lust. To that tindery and inflammable entity, the American imagination, the word 'trouble' suggests a vision or fantasy of millions of beautiful white girls being seduced by Negro men with the machinelike regularity of a sexual Willow Run. Whereupon each beautiful white girl produces—almost instantly, too—a coal black baby with purple high lights. In the American imagination, when the word 'trouble' is invoked, these coal-black babies patter down into the national scene like berries into a quart measure."

Miss Halsey's experience indicates that one of the great hurdles in Negro-White relations is the fantasy that Negroes and sex calamities are indivisible:

"One of the most monotonous aspects of race relations in the United States is the blind acceptance—by otherwise sensible people—of any wild, half-baked, fragmentary, unsubstantiated or even patently absurd cock-and-bull story that comes along, provided it has to do with Negroes and sex. People who balance their checkbooks, tot up the slips from the grocery, count over the laundry when it comes back, and in many other ways behave with cool, hard-headed realism will turn out to be the suckers of the world when it comes to Negro sexuality. Nobody on God's green footstool could sell these people stock in a phony gold mine, but when the issue is sex and Negroes, they sit with their mouths open like fledgling birds and swallow whatever is dropped in. If white Americans conducted the rest of their careers with the same childlike gullibility they bring to bear on stories about Negroes and sex, a staggering percentage of our Caucasian population would spend its life in receivership."

Another factor in racial discrimination, says Miss Halsey, is pure, unadulterated economics.

"Th real reason back of the refusal of some to mingle with Negroes isn't nearly as romantic and as dramatic as they like to think it is. The real reason has nothing to do with rape, seduction and risings in the night. The real reason can be summed up in two extremely unromantic little words: cheap labor. As long as you treat Negoes as subhumans, you don't have to pay them so much. When you refuse to mingle, you are neither protecting your honor nor making sure that white Southerners won't have their homes burned down around their ears. All you are doing is making it possible for employers all over the country to get Negroes to work for them for less money than those employers would have to pay you."

Finally she gives several specific and comparatively easy ways to improve race relations by doing something about it yourself.

"We will have to do many things at once. This is neither so novel nor so frightening a prospect as may at first be imagined. Any woman who keeps house can testify that the moment the doorbell rings is almost always the precise, identical segment of time when the rice boils over and the baby falls downstairs. There is nothing especially new to human experience in having to take care of everything at once. Wives and mothers and Henry J. Kaiser do it all the time. It is often, as a matter of fact, referred to with pride as The American Tradition. 'The difficult we do right away. The impossible takes a little bit longer.' "

COLOR BLIND

A WHITE WOMAN LOOKS AT THE NEGRO

by Margaret Halsey

Author of "With Malice Toward Some" and "Some of My Best Friends are Soldiers"

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This Week

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Articles

PAGE

FOUR YEARS AT HARVARD
By Thomas W. Lamont..... 5

THE BATTLE FOR EDUCATION
By Frederick E. Robin..... 7

Reviews

MINERVA'S PROGRESS
By Alfred E. Cohn
Reviewed by H. M. Kallen..... 9

GREAT TEACHERS
Edited by Houston Peterson
Reviewed by Henry Morton Robinson 11

A COLLEGE PROGRAM IN ACTION
By the Committee on Plans, Columbia University
Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz.....12

AN AFTERNOON
By Elizabeth Parsons
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....22

THE CAMBRIDGE PRESS, 1638-1692
By George Parker Winship
Reviewed by John Eliot Alden.....24

TO SEE A FINE LADY
By Norah Lofts
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts.....25

REMEMBRANCE OF AMHERST,
By William Gardiner Hammond

PIETY AND INTELLECT AT AMHERST COLLEGE, 1865-1912
By Thomas le Duc
Reviewed by Ordway Tead.....26

INTEGRATING HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
By Leonard V. Koos

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR TOMORROW
By Dan Stiles
Reviewed by John S. Diekhoff.....28

MISTER ROBERTS
By Thomas Heggen
Reviewed by James P. Wood.....29

THE UNIVERSITY AT THE CROSSROADS
By Henry E. Sigerist
Reviewed by Edward H. Hume.....30

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS
By Russell Janney
Reviewed by Bernard Sobel.....31

CAMPUS VERSUS CLASSROOM
By Burges Johnson
Reviewed by James L. McConaughy..38

Departments

LITERARY I.Q.....12

EDITORIAL 14

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....15

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Ruth Painter Randall.....16

TRADE WINDS
By Van H. Cartmell.....18

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....20

LITERARY CRYPT.....27

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....39

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 651.....43

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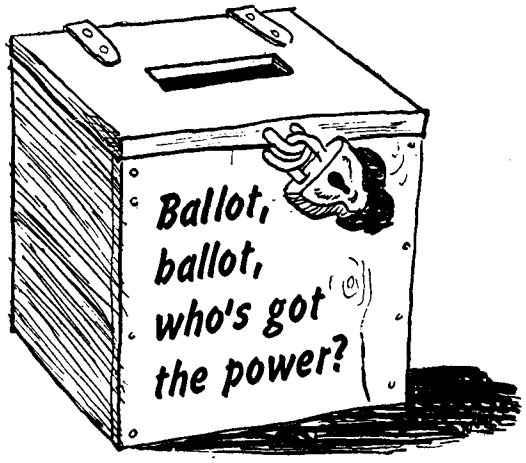

NOT everybody who talks politics is doing something about it. And the "doing" is important, not the "talking". Sometimes, in fact, talking politics is most impolitic, as witness the sad fate of a friend of ours who once became a bit too enthusiastic at the wrong time.

He had been selling space for a directory and one appointment took him to the distant reaches of Brooklyn. After getting the signature on the contract, he stuck around awhile to chew the rag. A hot political fight resulted in which our friend got worked up about Marx and one thing and another. The client appeared to be amused. Our friend finally got back to his office to find that his ad had been cancelled by telephone in the meantime. He vowed that moment never to talk politics again.

We think our friend is right to avoid talking politics in business. But politics can't be avoided in life. It is very like Mark Twain's weather: everybody talks about it but practically no one does anything about it. Not because they don't want to make a few changes, but simply that they don't know their own political strength. We feel sure that RUNNING THE COUNTRY, An Anthology of American Politics in Action, will be elected by a landslide as one of the most informative and entertaining books ever written on the ever popular topic of democratic government.

As elections swing nearer, arguments wax warmer. There is bound to be more heat than light on the subject, most of the time. You will find this stimulating collection of articles on the American system of government a very great help. The editors—A. N. Christensen and E. M. Kirkpatrick—have chosen wisely from thousands of books and journals. The list of authors includes: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Charles and Mary Beard, William Allen White, Max Lerner and Archibald MacLeish. They, and over a hundred others, have something to say that you will want to know. You may not always agree with them. As John Stuart Mill long ago remarked, "The person who knows only his side of the case knows little of that." The editors not only take exception to some of the views expressed in the book, but often disagree with each other! This only makes RUNNING THE COUNTRY more like America.

If you have always thought the Constitution is a lifeless and rigid document, read the three articles in Section III called "Changing the Rules for a Changing Society". If you feel that your civil liberties, or those of your friends, are being kicked around, read what four writers say about the rights guaranteed us all under law. If you wonder what role the politician plays in government, look into the article titled "The Magnitude of the Task of the Politician" . . . then nudge your Congressman accordingly. Would you like to know more about how the Supreme Court Works? "The Role of the Supreme Court in a Democratic Nation" will answer your questions. And how about taxes? No one ever can know too much about where money goes, so read "A Tax Policy for the United States" and find out.

There comes a time in all good arguments when a voice is lifted with smug surety to say, "Well, it's just those darn' politicians down there in Washington who are to blame for this mess". Then out comes the bridge table with a general sigh. We don't intend to bore everybody, but the next time this little scene is played in our bailiwick we're going to remind the voice that his, or her, vote was what made the wheels start 'round to begin with. Then we shall point to our copy of RUNNING THE COUNTRY where it lies on the table between the shillelagh and the box of cigars—that's our equipment for political arguments—and tell him a bit about it while the cards are being dealt.

It is so seldom, we'll say, that a book on politics and government is both fascinating and informative . . . so rich in material, yet so well put together that the continuity flows smoothly with logic and sense. We honestly believe that RUNNING THE COUNTRY can be a handbook for every voter in the U.S.A., including Mississippi. As for our advertising friend, we predict that he will be talking politics again very soon . . . on his home grounds, however, next time.

RUNNING THE COUNTRY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POLITICS IN ACTION

Edited by
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Four Years at Harvard

THOMAS W. LAMONT

HARVARD College in my time was the age of the giants. First of all came the president, Charles William Eliot. He was the man who changed Harvard from a small, red-brick, colonial institution, primarily Bostonese and largely New England, to a great university. He, too, like President Conant of today, was at the start a student and highly successful teacher of chemistry. Thrust at the age of thirty-five into the presidency, Eliot lost no time in starting to develop into maturity Harvard's graduate and professional schools; meanwhile giving to the college itself (which must always be Harvard's prime interest) a tremendous shaking up, with his sweeping introduction of the elective system. Perhaps succeeding decades proved that Eliot went a bit too far, but the new system gave at any rate immense range and interest to the academic life of the average student.

When I came from Phillips Exeter to Cambridge in September, 1888, Mr. Eliot was a staid figure of great dignity, seen moving through the Yard to University Hall, the seat of administration. He had little direct contact with the students, and gradually over the years gained a repute for being aloof and cold. My first meeting with him, however, showed a far different side.

My roommate, for what seemed a technical violation of existing regulations, had been disciplined by being "rusticated" for six weeks at Lexington, a few miles from Cambridge. On the Sunday afternoon before he was to begin his sentence, he and I heard heavy footsteps coming up to our third-floor quarters in Thayer Hall. Then a double knock on the door. "Come in," I said mildly. No response except again the double rap. "Come in, dammit," I yelled. The door opened and in stalked President Eliot, looking about eight feet tall. I yanked my feet off the top of my desk, leapt up and bowed respectfully.

"I came," said Mr. Eliot, "to speak with Hunt"—my roommate who was standing gloomily in front of the fireplace. I vanished into the bedroom, but the door did not shut tightly. I could hear Mr. Eliot's deep, bell-like tones.

"Hunt," he said, "your father and I were classmates and friends in college. I heard of your difficulty. I wanted to tell you not to be downhearted. That time will pass quickly. You will do much reading. Perhaps in the end you will, as a result, find your standing much improved." And then again in kindly tones he added: "A few weeks, and the slate will be wiped clean—nothing held against your record."

My roommate was immensely cheered by this extraordinary gesture of the president's visit. Downhearted as he was, it had been to him like "a great rock in a weary land." In later, post-graduate years I came into frequent contact with Mr. Eliot. He of course had no recollection of my first meeting with him. I had a vivid memory of it: there was nothing cold in the make-up of that great individual. As to my roommate, his later career was a creditable one and he came to rank highly in the medical profession of our day.

When I became a Harvard freshman, who were some of the others that were sitting in the seats of the mighty? Well, there was Oliver Wendell Holmes, not of course the Supreme Court Justice of our day but his father, the only and original author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and much besides. I never laid eyes upon him, but there he was in the annual catalogue, as large as life—"Professor of Anatomy Emeritus." And as counterpart to him there was James Russell Lowell. He had served as United States Minister to the Court of St. James's from 1880 to 1885, and had returned quietly to take up again his professorship in the French and Spanish languages. Then he too retired, but was promptly elected to a seat on the Board of Harvard Overseers.

—"*Harvard & Cambridge: A Sketch Book.*"
Massachusetts Hall

I must not make this a catalogue. I suppose, too, that every college generation may claim that its was the period when the great oaks in intellect and teaching grew and flourished. But where ever, among American institutions, was there such a gathering of notable figures? John Fiske, who lectured as entertainingly on American history as he wrote it; W. W. Goodwin of Goodwin's "Greek Grammar"; and John Barrow Allen and James Bradstreet Greenough of Allen and Greenough's "Latin Grammar." Certainly it was refreshing to hear these classical gentlemen lay out before us and expound their own wares.

The outstanding figure in Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Early English was Francis James Child, perhaps the greatest scholar in that last field that the world had ever seen; and George Lyman Kittredge, who had taught me Latin at Exeter, now only an instructor in English at Harvard, but destined to become by all odds the leading American expounder of Shakespeare in the early decades of the twentieth century.

How can I stop without mentioning Phillips Brooks, that great and eloquent man whose contact with us students was his membership in the Harvard Board of Preachers? When-

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ever he came out to speak to us, old Appleton Chapel was crowded to the doors with students. Dr. Brooks was a giant in stature. From such a massive presence the tremendous flow of his words was weighty with power and feeling. Certainly he moved the Harvard student body as no one else could do. As chief of that same Board of Preachers sat Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, not a Phillips Brooks in imagination and sweep of power, but a saintly man with a certain radiance emanating from him. When he died they wrote upon his tomb in all truth, "For thirty years he walked among the professors and students of Harvard College and wist not that his face did shine."

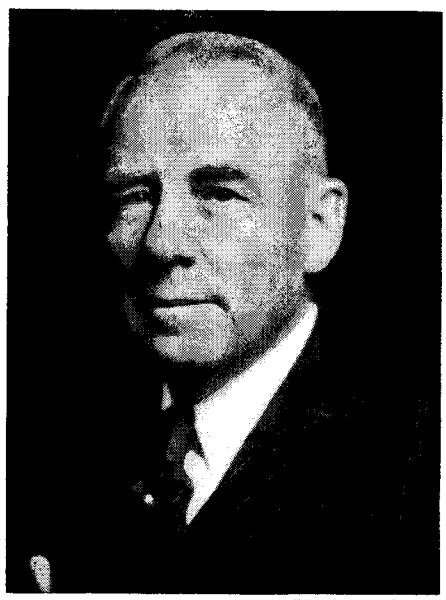
Those are some of the great individuals that formed "a part of the setting surrounding a freshman at Harvard in my time. I keep calling them giants, because they were that—either in intellect, imagination, personality, or attainment. And when I came down from Exeter and first trod the ways of that historic seat of learning on the Charles River, I felt a bit like the African hunter who, seeking a solitary elephant, comes suddenly upon a whole herd of these huge creatures browsing quietly, wisely, and majestically by the stream.

When I entered college I knew full well that the question of my expenses was bound to be a perplexing one; that I must find some way to meet a good part of them myself. But I early decided that the route of securing an annual scholarship was not for me. I had no mind to turn into even a mild grind.

Soon, however, I made up my mind I would go in strongly for an editorship of *The Crimson,* the students' daily newspaper. With the training I had had on the Exeter school papers, my way was not too difficult. I knew the sort of happenings that I should follow up and write about. After a few months I was lucky enough to be elected as the first freshman editor. *The Crimson,* prudently run, was not an unprofitable enterprise, and at the end of each year the editors divvied up a few hundred dollars among ten or a dozen of us. Also, the practice was for one of the editors who could do with the money to come every night to the office about midnight to correct the final proofs and put the paper to bed. A few dollars a week was the reward for this, and the job was left in my hands for the next three years. The income, though small enough, helped on my term bills, and the work established in me an almost lifelong habit of being able to sit up late at work of some kind and yet turn in and fall at once into a dreamless slumber.

The amateur journalism of the college daily paper led naturally to other chances. The Boston *Advertiser,* an evening newspaper, asked me to be its Harvard correspondent at about five dollars a week. And I was in transports when a year or so later the Boston *Herald* bid me away with a regular stipend of fifty dollars a month. For me this was a bonanza. In one way or another I could relieve the family exchequer of two-thirds of my college expenses.

There was, too, plenty of variety in the job. Though the arrangement did not call for it, I made a point of frequently writing Sunday specials for the *Herald*—athletic summaries, or other phases of Harvard life. These articles bore my initials, and before long I was being asked to contribute occasional pieces to the New York City press. The Boston *Herald* sent me to Springfield in November to cover the Harvard-Yale football match, and —what seemed almost a divine assignment—to spend a week in New London in late June for the preliminaries of the great Harvard-Yale races, and then to cover the freshman and final four-mile varsity contests with Yale. Certainly my heart with rapture thrilled when I could stand in the bow of the press boat following only a few rods behind the heaving, eight-oared crews while, as Virgil said of other oarsmen in the ancient world, "wakening lust of glory tugged at their throbbing hearts."



—Blank & Stoller.

Thomas W. Lamont: "What questions did we not at least clarify in those chocolate-inspired [Harvard] evenings?"

What with adequate attention to studies and these outside activities, I was too occupied to spend much time in a club. But I did sing in the chorus of the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals for two successive years. As a sophomore I had been active in the production of the Dickey (ΔΚΕ) Christmas theatricals; and according to one of the old programs that a classmate recently sent to me, I was cast as a leading character in a rollicking show entitled "The Lady, or the Tiger?" It was a bully crowd of classmates that rehearsed and played together, and those were jolly and carefree days.

The parsonage, when I went home, was just as much a haven of rest as ever, and as by that time my father had been transferred to a larger charge, my holidays had wider scope.

The complete simplicity of the boyhood days had gone a bit. Yet when my holidays were over I was keen as a briar to get back to the excitement and variety of college.

To me great affairs seemed well in balance. It was only two years after Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887. The whole world was at peace. America was not a perfect community. We had our inequities, our slums, and our politics. But as for any thought of war, or foreign aggression, or even serious study of current foreign affairs—none of that came within our ken. Why should not the world go on this way forever?

One of my connections that was of great stimulus to me was the *Harvard Monthly,* the senior student publication in letters, which took itself rather seriously. I had been invited by the business editor to come along, attend the monthly evening editorial councils, and eventually take over the business editorship. The latter role interested me little, and to poor Phil Abbot, the senior business editor, I proved I know a great trial. I felt capable enough of administering the business end—subscriptions, advertising, etc. But I declined all pleadings to keep a set of books. That I felt I could not endure. Nor have I ever learned the art, hardly the theory.

My own patent method of bookkeeping, when I finally took charge, was charmingly simple. I had at either end of my mantel over the fireplace an empty strawberry-jam jar. To the jar on the right I consigned a slip denoting each item of revenue that we received, and into the left-hand jar I put a memorandum of every item of expenditure. At the end of each month, the contents of each jar were totaled up and the balance either way was set down and consigned to the credit or debit jar to make a fresh start. What could be easier or more meritorious than that? Poor Abbot's pleas that I should "strike" some curious creature called a "trial balance" left me polite, apologetic, but cold. Abbot, who had been trained from his earliest hours to the handling of figures, said that my slipshod methods were frightfully bad for my

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morale. Yet when I came into full charge we had a prosperous enough year. At any rate, I kept my jam-jar methods to myself and never attempted later to introduce or exploit them in the field of banking.

What stirred me most were the monthly meetings of the editorial council. We gathered at eight o'clock in the room of the editor-in-chief and sat on the floor around his blazing open fire—seven or eight of us. After the plans for the next issue had been talked over and a *pro forma* table of contents arranged, prose and verse, then, based upon the articles under consideration, our chief would lead us into a general discussion that took us far afield. During the first few months I dared say hardly a word: I felt that I was sitting unworthily in a group of great, wise, and witty men.

They were, for college undergraduates, an outstanding and interesting lot. One was Norman Hapgood, long since dead, but thirty-five years ago the brilliant editor of *Collier's Weekly*, widely quoted and one of President Wilson's confidential advisers. Two others were poets, Hugh McCulloch, a Southerner whose verses years ago before his early death had limited vogue. The other was William Vaughn Moody, a bit on the melancholy side, yet a poet of deep feeling and inspiration. Another editor was Robert Morss Lovett, our own class poet, for years a distinguished professor of English at the University of Chicago. Occasionally an outsider was brought in to stir us up—a Bliss Carman or some other such shooting star that would startle or soothe us at will.

The discussion was physically sustained by large slabs of Baker's sweet chocolate (hardly the stimulant that would be favored in these days) provided from my credit jam jar, and we would continue for about two hours. What great questions did we not settle or at least clarify in those chocolate-inspired evenings? Nothing was too abstruse for us to tackle. "What is the nature of happiness?" Another magnificent topic that comes back to me was, "What is the meaning of existence?" Fifty years later, can any of my readers answer that? "What fate have the new sciences in store for us?" Well, of course that is simply the atomic question of 1945 *et seq.* "Do Americans possess virtue and reason in living?" I think I was a bit less dismayed about the state of the nation than the others, but we were all exceedingly doubtful. Can there be those among us that entertain doubts even to this day?

My senior year was moving along apace, and I could begin to look back over my previous three years. I had,

(*Continued on page* 34)

The Battle for Education

FREDERICK E. ROBIN

AFTER four war years of anemic enrollments, the nation's educational centers are currently experiencing the academic equivalent of a full-scale invasion. An army of more than a million veterans is storming the sixteen hundred accredited schools throughout the country, and, according to General Omar Bradley of the Veterans Administration, another million will seek admission before 1949. Financed by the federal government at an expected cost ranging from six to twenty billion dollars, this will not only be the greatest mass excursion into education ever attempted, but it also promises to precipitate a major academic upheaval whose full implications for American society will provide new provinces for sociologists to explore.

Seen in historical perspective, the current educational boom is following a familiar pattern. A veteran of Washington's Life Guard who had learned "riting and sifering" during his six-year hitch in the Revolutionary Army wrote in his diary on February 23, 1785: "I gos to school and followed it pritty stiddy while it cept." The end of the Civil War witnessed another sharp resurgence of interest in education. Just as World War I was a larger, more complex struggle than the Civil War, so the educational program that followed ventured further than its predecessors. To educate some 121,000 illiterates in the AEF and to provide a wide variety of high school and vocational training courses, an Army Educational Committee headed by John Erskine blueprinted a program of adult education which served a million and a half soldiers by 1919.

In the United States, the flood of college-bound veterans culminated a year later in a three hundred per cent increase in enrollment at some schools. Olive drab and GI shoes were almost as familiar a sight on the campus then as they are now. The ill-fated grandfather of today's Veterans Administration was created in 1918 but soon died of graft, red tape, and corruption. Its successor, the Veterans Bureau, was then launched to rehabilitate disabled servicemen. By 1923, it had enrolled several hundred thousand trainees, but results were less than auspicious. "These men are not being trained," wrote one critic. "They are being kidded to death." Another observer commented, "The Government has spent millions for eyewash and is trying to foist it off as tonic."

In much the same fashion that this most recent war dwarfs all others in the expenditure of lives, money, matériel, time, and all the other inadequate yardsticks by which a holocaust is measured, so the extent and character of its attendant educational program exceeds all its forerunners. Compared to the army which Pershing commanded, the proportion of college graduates among General Eisenhower's forces was three times as great; among high school graduates, six times as great; and in post-war educational desires, several hundred times as great.

Despite these impressive differences and despite the long historical pattern which should have indicated otherwise, it is doubtful if Congress realized the tremendous number of men who would wish to take advantage of Public Laws 346 and 116—less prosaically known as the GI Bill of Rights. The educational provisions of both measures were initially questioned. President Hutchins of the University of Chicago expressed the sentiments of many colleagues when he predicted that only a generation of "intellectual hoboes" and university transients would be attracted to school. Some feared that through the Veterans Administration, the Government might encroach on the sphere of the private college and attempt to muzzle education. Other spokesmen doubted whether servicemen, after being uprooted by years of war, would seriously consider returning to cloistered walks. Scarcely had the first high-point combat men been discharged when articles appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other popular magazines proclaiming that

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"GI's are rejecting education," that less than two per cent were interested in more schooling.

The validity of these early pronouncements began to be questioned when an Army survey of soldiers' post-war educational desires revealed that six per cent had definite plans for a college education and three times as many wanted part-time schooling. A re-check in the summer of 1945 uncovered a 33 per cent rise in original desires. Meanwhile, school enrollments, which in 1943-44 had dropped to less than half their pre-war peak, jumped almost 200,000 as the veteran began to find his way to the campus. A later survey indicated that at least 11 per cent of America's fifteen million veterans intended to go to college. As soon as demobilization shifted into high gear, 400,000 veterans poured into classrooms.

THE most recently tabulated data on veterans' full-time educational plans have sent the figure soaring to 20 per cent, and it is still rising. "The real peak won't be reached until the fall of 1948," according to one prominent educator, "and it will require an expenditure of about $150 for each man, woman, and child in America. This is the largest single appropriation ever made for education by any nation."

Despite its cost, the public's satisfaction with the provisions of the GI Bill has been evident. There is something appealing to our imagination in the thought that a grateful nation will now provide its victorious sons with a free education; that in Horatio Alger fashion, so to speak, the veteran will be able to pull himself up by his educational bootstraps. Unfortunately, sentiment has again outstripped reality. To a people accustomed to astronomical war production figures and relatively immune to round numbers with less than nine zeroes, the news that two million students want to go to school this fall is barely worth a glance. But the startling fact lies in the recent report by John W. Snyder, director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, which discloses that "between 400,000 and 500,000 young people may have to be turned away from the college careers on which they are anxious to embark. Among them will be 270,000 veterans who will be unable to redeem the pledge of educational opportunity which was made to them in the GI Bill of Rights." Thus, little more than a year after VJ Day, the demand for higher education has become so great that colleges are turning away one out of every three new students, and university openings for veterans have become as scarce as vacant apartments. It is ironical that in these days of spectacular shortages, one of the most critical and far-reaching of all concerns ivory towers and their product—Americans trained to think.

If we ask what has produced such a widespread desire among so many veterans to continue their education, no single answer is sufficient. Increases in subsistence allowances from the original $50 to $65 for single men and from $75 to $90 for those with dependents undoubtedly persuaded many who had been hesitating for financial reasons. Then, too, the veterans' widespread dissatisfaction with the majority of unskilled positions offered to them is another important factor. For these are not only veterans of the greatest war ever fought, but also of an almost equally disastrous depression. Even before demobilization began, the bitter comment was current among veterans that they would get preference for apple stands in the next depression. "The Purple Heart and ten cents will buy you a cup of coffee," they said, and, "When we went over, they said nothing would be too good for us. And that's what we'll get—nothing." It is little wonder that in this cynical atmosphere, education as a stepping stone to better jobs and to economic security played an important role. In the back of each veteran's mind as he viewed the future was a picture of that apple stand with a little American flag which might be waiting for him.

Less easily assayed, but perhaps of equal importance, are all the human intangibles arising from the exigencies of military service. War has always been a special and terrible kind of teacher, but it often awakes in men new desires for good. As has been observed, it stirs up the nation and brings together men of all classes. It breaks down narrow prejudice and acts as a catalyst to make them dissatisfied with their present stock of knowledge. It creates in them an unrest, a desire for deeper and clearer understanding. Men subjected to its influence have always dreamed and planned the future in order to escape the present.

An unsettled air—an echo of the turbulence of war—now hangs over every campus as soldiers turned students try to fit themselves for peace. Underlying the bare announcement that 970,000 veterans are planning to resume their education this fall is the peculiar psychological drama which has attended every soldier's return. Men released from the bondage of fear, boredom, frustration, and subjection to an alien will are trying to find themselves and realize their wartime dreams. They are experiencing much the same emotions which beset a young Union captain returned from the Civil War after years of combat service in which he had been thrice wounded. After sitting through those first endless lectures at Harvard Law School, he reported an inner confusion as he tried to integrate the past when his "heart had been touched by fire" with the civilian life that loomed ahead. Like young Oliver Wendell Holmes, all veterans today are experiencing in some degree that period of confusion and groping. The anecdotes that are being told today about youthful colonels and majors exchanging their insignia for freshman caps and notebooks were first told in 1866. The record shows that a twenty-two-year-old New Hampshire colonel returned to build fires and sweep out offices while studying law. A Confederate lieutenant who had carried dispatches from Lee to Jefferson Davis reentered the University of Virginia and found it difficult to realize that to the faculty he was just another eighteen year old.

PART of the painful adjustment which has always been the veteran's lot stems from the fact that the psychology and habits of military life are not easily eradicated. If he knew combat, he knew also the fear of death, the need for quick decision, and the security of comradeship that sustains every frontline fighter and admits him to brotherhood in a cherished fraternity. But when he returns, he is inevitably bored, lonely, and dissatisfied with the dull, soft, fat routine of peace. He feels lost and cut off. "I have a feeling that I'm running alone on a long gray treadmill," is the way one veteran phrased it. "When we flew long reconnaissance missions to watch the Japs on Truk, I thought the happiest day in my life would come when I could sit down again in

(Continued on page 32)

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We Must Have Teachers!

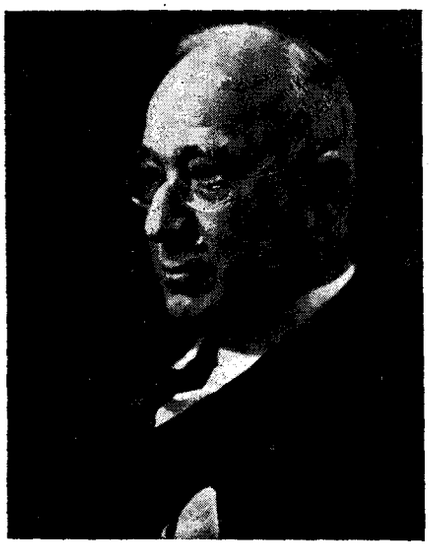
MINERVA'S PROGRESS: TRADITION AND DISSENT IN AMERICAN CULTURE. By Alfred E. Cohn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 101 pp. $2.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

DURING the past decade it was my lot to have to read scores of disquisitions on education and its "crisis." Now one essay comes my way the reading of which is altogether a pleasure. Long resigned to wordy debates done in the turgid Pedagese from which the reticular dialectics of Mr. Hutchins and the companions of his cult give the surcease only of counter-irritants, I find in Dr. Cohn's little book both easement and strengthening. I find myself wishing that I could write like that, on this theme. Not because I entirely agree with Dr. Cohn, though he elicits a very large measure of assent; but because his 101 brief pages impress me as an eloquent, clear, simple, charming, and often epigrammatic configuration of a great mass of reading checked by observation and shaped to insight and beauty by reflection. "Minerva's Progress" is like the sound and sun of the Park after the subway.

At the same time, I find myself titillated by "Minerva." I wonder about the inwardness of that symbol. Minerva, on the record, was the virago of all viragos. A virgin without a mother, she was a headache to her polygamous father, the only parturient male of our tradition, until his head was shut of her. Among her Olympian siblings she was a continual cause of trouble. She challenged Apollo's lyre with her flute, the face and figure of Venus and of Juno with her own countenance and form. She could not endure equal or superior merit in others and transformed her human rival at spinning, the hapless Arachne, into a spider. She had favorites but no lovers. She produced works but no children. She was the goddess not only of vision, but of war. If she made any progress at all, it was in the arts of conflict and dissent. Yet as traditionalists appraise wisdom, they leave it its Minervan arrogance, its pride of place and power; but it is not compatible with war. Traditionalists hold peace to be the consummation of wisdom, wisdom to be the maker of harmonies, the grammarian of assent, not of dissent. Dr. Cohn, it seems, looks upon wisdom with a pre-traditional eye. He does not denature Minerva.

Perhaps it is in consequence that, reflecting upon the record of the arts and sciences in the United States, he sees American culture constituted by a warfare of tradition and dissent, with dissent for its distinguishing trait. Since the present generation of Americans are discontented with their culture and the institutions which pass on it, he proposes to reappraise both, and to assess their value for the future of the American way. Such a reappraisal, he declares, must take for its measure the propositions of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. These lay down the gradients of the American way, and their core is dissent—dissent as a reaction to the continuities of the "main stream," the "underlying thought and plan" which compose the nation's history. He proposes to assess the interplay of "history" and dissent on the basis of the social sciences, which he defends against the pretensions to superiority of the natural sciences. This doctor of medicine thinks social scientists are too modest about the achievements of their disciplines, but he makes no reference to the event that from Socrates to Voltaire, sages have agreed that men could know precisely and certainly everything they had to know about themselves and their relations to one another but could decipher little or nothing of the mysteries of nature. The exaltation of the knowledge of nature over the knowledge of man as the seat of certainty is in fact very recent. Scepticisms about the social sciences came with the effort to base the knowledge of man upon scientific method instead of dialectic.



—Blackstone.

Alfred E. Cohn: "Teachers must have moral strength . . . the seeing eye, the watchful soul, the inquiring mind."

But I share Dr. Cohn's view that the scepticism is less warranted than its agonists make out. As he observes, the social sciences have certainly supplied the interpretation of experience and the understanding of culture with a substance and scope unprecedented. Yet there are persons, Dr. Cohn points out, of whom the Spaniard Ortega y Gasset is an archetype, who deny science a place in culture and would shut it out and cut it off from a liberal education. It certainly cannot be shut out from a democratic culture like the American, whose credo is "the Declaration of Independence hammered out of the whole Mediterranean-Atlantic experience."

In that experience the stuff of democracy is dissent and the Declaration is the consummation of the dissenter's faith, of his having chosen freedom, and of his cleaving to freedom of choice as his way of life. This ongoing election maintains dissent as tradition and diverts education, which is the proclaimed vehicle of tradition, into the vehicle of dissent. Often against the strong opposition of the keepers of the schools, "the idea of the university" keeps changing. Primarily grammarians of assent, custodians of documents, teaching the use of them, advancing learning, our colleges and universities are continually called upon to assume the new functions against which the embattled traditionalists have taken their stand. Our institutions of higher learning, they contend, are corrupted by the elective system, by vocationalism, and a resulting disorientation. Let education return to its true task. Let it resume the torch of the humanities and pass it on as the liberal arts. Let it, so the meditators in the retreat of St. John's College require, return to the contemplation of the great books. Dr. Cohn evinces less sympathy for the elective system and "vocationalism" than I think they merit in this battle of the books, but he is keenly aware of, and points up, the delusion that drives these "timid souls afraid of the uncharted future" to cling to a list of "best books" as the rock of their salvation from the diversity, the liberty, and the individualism of contemporary education:

> Young students are to gain acquaintance at first hand with the great men who have thought and written the great words of the past. The great words are, of course, in great books. Everything is in them —conformity and dissent too. Conformity is there because the new culture turns out to be nothing but the old books which are the very basis and the flowering of the old dissent—the old fractionation. Why these books? Simply because these

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are the only books there are. No comparable list would fail to include at least half. In the strictest and widest sense, there is no other basis for Western culture. But dissent at the same time, because these books cancel each other out—represent conflicting views.

Meanwhile the tradition of assigning all education to the college or university was being broken by the formation of new institutions without a past to estop them, like the "alma maters," from functioning relevantly to the present. Set-ups ranging from academies of the sciences, national research councils, councils of learned societies, trades-union colleges, the New School, arose to challenge the monopoly of "alma mater." And the universities couldn't bar them. They might claim to be the true centers of "all intellectual enterprise," but their rivals share more and more amply in such enterprise, as the nation becomes more and more aware that democratic education cannot stop with the school, but must go on throughout adult life. The argument is joined as to whether education shall concentrate on studying and repeating the past or preparing the future, whether it shall carry tradition, transmit culture, or shall advance learning and make knowledge relevant to controversial social issues. Because so many go to so different schools the argument is joined as to *who* has a claim to be educated, and the agonists of the dispute labor to shut each other out and cut each other off. Meanwhile the institutions multiply, and in fact, instead of conflicting only, supplement each other. Dr. Cohn distinguishes four types—the Ivory Tower, such as the Institute for Advanced Study or the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; the universities; the laboratories maintained by industrial corporations; the laboratories maintained by the government. Each has its champions. All have in common the democratic faith that education is salvation. Their controversy is "the final triumph of our time."

Whatever the conclusion that may emerge in "organized behavior," we must have teachers. And "teachers must have moral strength, a sense for beauty of the spirit, the seeing eye, the watchful soul, the inquiring mind. Teachers must be free of conventional fears, and free especially from the fear of financial insecurity." How to provide such pedagogues uncontaminated by Pedagese Dr. Cohn does not reveal. He knows that present teacher-training is no provider. He knows that at best "the cost is great." And he is sure that to get these teachers would be more than worth the cost. One consequence of the defect of education in this respect, and in others as well, has been the coming of the Foundations, "hope and despair"—hope, in that they sometimes bring true appraisal where it is needed, that they originate, that they catalyze; despair, in that they stiffen into authoritarian power of the purse, more concerned to serve the continuity of this power than to liberate the diversity natural to the intellectual enterprise or to serve the education of the people. Money talks with an infallible deliverance. And as education is the insurance of liberty, and liberty pertains to the American way, the money that talks had best become the money of the tax-payers themselves. If this raises a threat to science, since free thought cannot obtain without economic waste, the threat can be offset by insuring that the objective of administration shall be freedom, diversity, initiative. Only eternal vigilance can achieve "far-reaching and correct organizations" or make up a "University of the United States." A project for such a university has been debated off and on since 1787, when Dr. Benjamin Rush proposed one. The current project is Dr. E. B. Wesley's, in his book, "Proposed: The University of the United States" (Minneapolis, 1936). Dr. Cohn seems sympathetic to this proposal and urges that "a thoroughgoing and searching debate ought in all seriousness to precede any contemplated action."

Given, then, our world, with its growing abundance, its variety, its opportunities for dissent and competition, its "distributed authority," we need an education that will enable us to make the most of the ineluctable natural pluralities of life and culture. The very inwardness of such an education is that it must undergo constant revision and retooling.

Here, then, is where Minerva is at, in her progress. Her progeny have been controversies that began when Socrates, the traditionalist, assaulted the dissenting Sophists, and by his assault introduced a revolutionary alteration of the very tradition he purported to defend. I get the feeling that Dr. Cohn, no less than the traditionalists whom he appraises so rightly, is disposed to make too sharp his antithesis between tradition and dissent. For tradition in fact is not a repetition of identicals but a process in which new-comings are absorbed into old goings-on, an identification of spontaneous and ineluctable changes, of accepted dissents, with that from which they are changes and dissents. What in practice is called "tradition" is something going on which is challenged and denied; what is called dissent is the challenger and denier. But the thing going on may be as instant as the present hour, and the thing challenging may belong to prehistory. When Protestant "dissent" challenged Catholic "traditionalism," it invoked the ancient Bible against the current Pope. It opposed an earlier to a late moment of the Christian tradition. "Tradition" and "dissent" are thus present selections from a stream of ongoing experience. It is the interest and desire of the chooser, not the nature of the chosen, which decides what shall be "tradition" and what "dissent." In the disputation over that which shall be taught the successive generations of American youth, it is Mr. Hutchins and the companions of his cult, it is the bookmen of St. John's who are the dissenters; it is John Dewey and Sidney Hook and the educational progressives who are the traditionalists. For the former would select one strain out of the total complex of our culture to the exclusion of all else and merely repeat it, while the latter are concerned to orchestrate all its diversities through teaching and learning. For the latter the Declaration of Independence means not one way or one faith privileged to overrule all the rest, but the right of all to understanding and respect on equal terms.

It was Aristotle who noted long ago that "that which contributes most to the permanence of constitutions is the adaptation of education to the form of government." By and large, it has been the success of the people's voluntary struggle to achieve this adaptation which gives its distinction to the American school. A part of the adaptation consists in the continual challenge from within and without, from the right and from the left, which the school is called upon to meet. This tends to make complacency transient and vigilance constant. It tends to reshape vocationalism toward culture and "liberal education" toward relevancy to the workaday world. This is Dr. Cohn's insight, and I know of none that envisages the springs of freedom more surely.

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Alas, Too Few

GREAT TEACHERS. Edited by Houston Peterson. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1946. 351 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IN ASSEMBLING this unusual anthology, Houston Peterson has done a superlative job. The plan of "Great Teachers," as announced in the first sentence of his introductory essay, is modest and clear. "This is a book about teachers—teachers in action in the home, the class room, the seminar, the laboratory, the clinic, the lecture hall. It is not a series of new profiles but a collection of first-hand accounts already written by former students, written from the heart in order to acknowledge a profound debt and to share a privilege." The tone of the book, which might easily have been stodgy or academic, is one of emotional tension—brimming full, but never slopping over into mere piety or rosy encomium. Indeed, something of the umpire must be in Mr. Peterson's temperament, for like the immortal "Silk" O'Loughlin, he "calls them hard and walks away fast."

Humor, excitement, originality, and wisdom are to be found in the pages of this book. Great credit must go to Mr. Peterson for pointing up these particular qualities in a profession not universally distinguished for humor, excitement, originality, or wisdom. We have all had the experience, at one time or another, of coming under the influence of a great teacher; the experience is unforgettable and gratitude-making. But all of us, too, remember the pedants, the fops, the dullards, the metaphysical weight-lifters, intellectual dandies, footnote-mongers and niminy-piminy practitioners that year after year drew their meager pay as teachers—and were overpaid at that. It is good, therefore, to be rescued from the two-ledged pit of contempt and melancholy by Mr. Peterson's timely reminder that great teachers did once exist, and by inference still do.

The portraits in this catholic, carefully-hung show range from the unpretentious sketch of Lizzie Moore, the backwoods schoolmarm of Nebraska, to full-length studies of Mark Hopkins, the Socratic Yankee, and the legendary George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard (who is handled very tenderly by Mr. Peterson in a charming prefatory note). Many of the pedagogic Olympians are well-known. Louis Agassiz, William James, Woodrow Wilson, and the Columbia galaxy consisting of John Dewey, Charles Beard, James Harvey Robinson, and John Erskine are honored wherever the high name of teacher is uttered. But we are indebted to Mr. Peterson for introducing us to such comparative unknowns as Frederick Jackson Turner, the Wisconsin historian; George Lincoln Burr of Cornell, and Charles Edward Garman of Amherst. The pages devoted to these relatively obscure men fill us with a secret conviction that every college, large or small, probably has a candidate that could easily fill a niche in Mr. Peterson's Pantheon.

The authors of the individual essays are in some instances as perceptive and delightful as the personalities they are writing about. Few pieces of prose could be more moving than Hellen Keller's tribute to her life-long friend and teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. Christopher Morley contributes a brief, warm-hearted paper on that Quaker scholar and very great gentleman, Francis Barton Gummere. One of the most riotously funny documents I've ever read is the lecture by the British schoolmaster, Sanderson of Oundle, literally transcribed by a couple of his former students glorying in the pseudonyms of X and Y. And in at least one case —John Stuart Mill's account of his fantastic early education under the guidance of his father—the pupil is better known to fame than the teacher whose memory he celebrates.

Most welcome is the inclusion of the quartet of great art teachers: César Franck, Theodor Leschetisky, Auguste Rodin, and Robert Henri. Anyone who has ever tried to transplant even a single shoot of the esthetic banyan knows how difficult and uncertain such grafting can be. Far easier to be a cultivator of common academic vegetables! Yet in the chapters devoted to music, sculpture, and painting, Mr. Peterson's selections almost succeed in explaining the miracle performed by the artist-teacher. Not quite. For without being mystical about these matters, the secret of instruction in the arts, as in morals, is at last incommunicable.

Indeed, the weakness of the book, and it is an unavoidable one, lies in the very incommunicability of the teacher's secret. We hear testimony from gifted, highly-articulate disciples that a great human being has, by the contagion of his mind and spirit, shared something of his deep humanity, his special vision, his intellectual grasp of truth. But how, finally, did the teacher do it? By his eloquence, insight, passion, or any combination of these? Not even the cunningest, most sympathetic observer can tell. The teaching power is the most esoteric of faculties—and the tragedy of our time is that it emerges so rarely.

Houston Peterson emphasizes "the painful dearth of true teachers by memorializing a handful of great ones."

Meanwhile our schools—our very society—must hobble along on the thin rations purveyed by pitiful retailers wearing clerkish aprons. Many of these academic clerks are sincere, even scrupulous, in measuring out their pennyweights of fact and opinion. But the inescapable truth is that there are not enough good teachers (let alone great ones) to go round. This, as Plato pointed out some years ago, continues to be the hitch in our educational system. And the ultimate, perhaps intentional, effect of Houston Peterson's book is to emphasize the painful dearth of true teachers by memorializing a handful of great ones.

Summer's Song

By Lloyd Frankenberg

SINGER crickets
begin, stitch
time's seam.
Bobbins spinning
whine in windless
green noon:
sound of heat
in bloodshot woods.
Cones of pines
spin with speeds
teeming silence.
Spunglass shine
winds, unwinds.
Pineneedles click.
Singer crickets
dry, thin,
high, begin
begin begin

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"Eminent" Books and Education

A COLLEGE PROGRAM IN ACTION: A REVIEW OF WORKING PRINCIPLES AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE. By the Committee on Plans. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. 175 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

THIS report by a special committee to the faculty of Columbia College, unlike the recent Harvard report, does not undertake "to furnish an entire philosophy of higher education." It does not examine, yet it does not avoid suggesting, fundamental questions of educational policy. Several such questions will be considered in this review.

In 1919 Columbia College introduced a course in contemporary civilization which has been widely copied throughout the country. A required course concerned with the social sciences, it is given at Columbia for four hours a week in the freshman year and three hours a week in the sophomore year. The report recommends the continuance of this course.

A similar required course in the humanities was introduced in 1937 for freshmen. Dealing with world literature, the course takes the year 1800 as a stopping point. This course is to be continued. The committee recommends, however, that it be extended through the sophomore year, with one semester devoted to music and the other to the visual arts.

The committee also recommends that there be added a two-year, sixteen-point required science orientation course, to serve as an introduction to the several sciences and as "a serious and exacting discipline in the logic and the methods of the scientific worker." The course is to be staffed by men who are prepared to give instruction in all of it; that is, the same instructor will be concerned with biology, physics, chemistry, and the other sciences. While no detailed syllabus of instruction is offered by the committee, the report includes a tentative outline which seems to project a survey of the sciences that recalls the efforts of Whewell and Thomson. The course ought to prove quite challenging and exciting.

One wonders, however, to what extent this heavily concentrated "Prolegomena to All the Natural Sciences" (shades of the professors of *Algemeinewissenschaftslehre!*), beginning with an investigation of the physics of macroscopic phenomena and ending with "brief but systematic reflections on the methods with the aid of which the wide range of conclusions previously studied have [sic] been achieved and tested," is necessary to develop in the students (even with the aid of laboratory experiments) "a critical intelligence and a devotion to rational method in the search for knowledge."

If this is the purpose, the motivation for the course, why can it not be achieved in the course in the social sciences? Does not that course offer opportunity for "brief but systematic reflections" on scientific methodology? Does not that course, when successful, develop in the students "a critical intelligence and a devotion to rational method in the search for knowledge?"

As I read the sections of the report dealing with the projected course in the natural sciences, I had the feeling that unconsciously the committee is disparaging the course in the social sciences, saying, as it were: "The course in contemporary civilization is all right; the student ought to learn some things about the social world of which he is going to be an esteemed member; but it's not the real thing; critical intelligence has no place in the social world; but the world of nature, now that's something else; only *there* can one find true devotion to rational method."

Moreover, if the course is to serve as "a serious and exacting discipline in the logic and the methods of the scientific worker," why should the systematic reflections on method be brief?

The reflections on method are "the last for which the first was made"; yet the course is projected in such a way that it will have the appearance of a dog with a large body but a small head. The purpose of the course, says the report, is to "illustrate in an impressive way the use of a responsible method for settling problems." Would not a course in logic and scientific method achieve this purpose more directly and impressively?

In brief, the report does carry the conviction that the course in science should be *required* of *all* students, regardless of their interests and temperaments. If the purpose is to manifest responsible method in the settlement of problems, the course in the social sciences ought to offer equal if not better opportunity. If it is thought desirable to offer special lectures on logic and scientific method, a special course dealing with this subject could be offered, and might well be required of all students.

The point may be illustrated by considering the committee's recommendation regarding the teaching of English composition. The writing of a large proportion of the high school graduates admitted to college is bad writing, sometimes incredibly bad. Attempt was made to meet this evil

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME FAMOUS SCHOOLMASTERS

This week's quiz is contributed by Mary Malone, of Trenton, New Jersey. Can you identify these famous fictional schoolmasters and name the books in which they appear? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 23.

1. After teaching Latin to three generations of boys at ancient Brookfield, this schoolmaster retired and found he had become a school tradition.
2. A stout and middle-aged German professor, he was preferred by the heroine to a younger and handsomer suitor.
3. Believing that civilizing a place was just as important as opening up new lands, he stayed behind to teach school in a Kansas town.
4. A doctor as well as a lawyer of the Inner Temple, he was also a great teacher of Medical Jurisprudence.
5. He started as a modern languages teacher in a boys' school in England, but World War I launched him on his amazing career as agent for British Intelligence.
6. Teaching a district school in the backwoods of Indiana, this young man overcame the incorrigibles in the school and won the respect of the community.
7. A dissipated genius, he was reclaimed and inspired while serving as tutor to the stepchildren of his patroness.
8. Grotesque in appearance, ignorant, and superstitious, this country schoolmaster was thwarted in his suit for a rich farmer's daughter.
9. Professor at a school for young ladies in Brussels, his prototype is supposed to have been a teacher with whom the author was in love.
10. He married a student in his class in the Midwest college which he left for more lucrative jobs rather dubiously connected with education.

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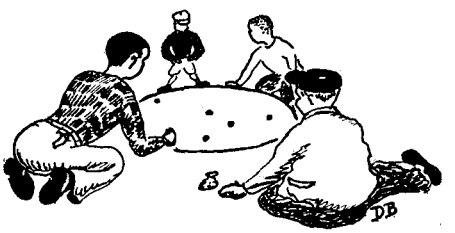
by offering a required course in English composition. This meant that the entire responsibility for sound writing was thrust upon one department. This has been a wrong procedure, bad in principle and ineffective in practice. The committee recommends approval of a new technique, based on the principle "that the writing of one's language is inseparable from our entire plan of instruction." It is proposed that the instructors in the contemporary civilization and humanities courses should judge and criticize the writing of students submitted to them; that they should read papers not merely for content, but also for clarity, logical connection, economy, directness, sincerity, and organization of expression. Special instruction in composition should be required of students who show special need. Now, just as language should be considered inseparable from the entire plan of instruction, so should logical, scientific method in thinking. The student and instructor should not be permitted to think that logic and scientific method belong in a separate department (the natural sciences), and that another kind of thinking or method may be used in other disciplines. If it is thought that students need a systematic course in logic and scientific method, such a course may be given, but only to help the efforts of the entire instructional staff and not to substitute for them. An instructor who fails in any course to apply logic and scientific method to his subject matter, and to manifest its indispensableness and dignity, fails as a scientific worker and has no place in an institution of higher learning.

Another aspect of the report is even more troublesome. The two-year course in science is recommended because the committee is convinced that the natural sciences are valuable instruments of a liberal education which will help prepare the student "for worthy and intelligent membership in modern society." The instructor, I take it, would discuss, among other topics, Einstein's theories, theories of nuclear energy and atomic structure, the results of studies carried on at Oak Ridge and Los Alamos, and even those conducted in Columbia laboratories. In the two-year course in contemporary civilization the students are asked to consider such questions as: "What has been and should be the place of the United States in the world? What would we, as free individuals and a free people, choose as the pattern of our society under existing conditions?" Yet, when it comes to the one-year course in world literature, the committee approves the present content of the course, which takes as a stopping point the year 1800, "after which the application of literary canons becomes more uncertain and the flux of ideologies more confused."

If the members of the committee found that after 1800 uncertainty entered the literary canons and ideologies entered into a flux, causing confusion (confusion of what and to whom?), why should not the carefully selected students of Columbia College be permitted to examine the evidence for themselves? Why should the innocent minds be compulsorily exposed, in the social sciences course, to the latest, hottest, and most vulgar



problems of contemporary civilization (like the role of labor unions, of Hollywood, of the comic strip, propaganda methods), and at the same time be told that a mind of quality *must* become acquainted with the best in world literature written before 1800, but *may elect* to study the literature of modern and contemporary times, if he should find the spare time—and be willing to expose his soul to the necessary risks?

Readings in the humanities, say the committee, should be books of "established eminence." "There is for us no question," say the committee, "as to the place in the history of European culture of Sophocles, of Dante, or of Voltaire. We have not yet a similar perspective for Carlyle or Nietzsche or Freud." Is there not here, shall we say, a confusion of ideologies or uncertainty in the application of literary canons? For what necessary connection is there between an author's "established eminence" and his place in the history of European culture? Tolstoy's "War and Peace" may be considered the world's greatest novel, but Hitler's "Mein Kampf" may have a more important place in the history of European culture. Certainly Darwin or Marx do not have the established eminence of Tolstoy, yet whose place is more prominent in the history of European culture? In the one case our standard relates to literary quality; in the other, the test is in terms of historical effects.

But let this pass. Do we need to wait one hundred and fifty years before we are certain of a book's place in the world's literary history? The Columbia College students are required to read Montaigne's essays, but not Emerson's; they are required to read "Tom Jones" but not "War and Peace" or "The Pickwick Papers"; Milton's "Paradise Lost" but not Wordsworth's sonnets; Goethe's "Faust" but not "Crime and Punishment."

There is no quarrel, of course, over the books *selected* for the humanities course; but I do seriously question the principle of *exclusion*. The principle may create in the mind of the student the thought that only books written before 1800 are preëminently fit for "educated men" who "possess an inner life of sufficient richness to withstand the slings and arrows of fortune." This attitude will hardly square with a profound interest in contemporary civilization (with its uncertain literary canons and its flux of ideologies), or with the "serious and exacting discipline in the logic and the methods of the scientific worker." The same sense of excitement and adventure that the student feels when concerned with the judgment of social events he should feel when he reads literature or philosophy; for in every case he should be a scientific worker, seeking for the best answer to his problem, acting by the light of his own best judgment and the judgment of those whom he greatly respects; but in no case should he, as a scientific worker, proceed on authoritarian assumptions. If the authoritarian principle applies in literature and philosophy (the humanities), then it applies in every other phase of life or interest; and then one should go the whole hog and copy the St. John's program in every detail.

The Columbia College Committee on Plans is on untenable ground when it approves a principle of exclusion which compels the student to apply to Thomas Mann, du Gard, Duhamel, Yeats, Robert Frost, or to Tolstoy, Emerson, Thoreau, Hardy, or Meredith, merely because they are modern or contemporary artists or thinkers, standards of judgment different from those he is asked to apply to Voltaire, Rousseau, Swift, or Fielding.

The spirit bloweth where it listeth. A liberal college is under an obligation to bring this truth home to its students. "Every great advance in science," says John Dewey in "The Quest for Certainty," "has issued from a new audacity of imagination." This is no less true of literature and philosophy. If a college welcomes the new audacities of the imagination in the social and natural sciences, by virtue of what pedagogical standard can it justify the exclusion or disfavor of the new audacities of the imagination in the humanities?

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THE LITERACY OF SURVIVAL

OUR colleague, the wry, dry *New Yorker* magazine, has declared a one-week moratorium in regular publishing in order to present in full John Hersey's report on Hiroshima. All the crisp ingredients that go into the regular weekly *New Yorker* package—the cartoons, departments, articles, stories, even the finger-in-the-eye short fillers and comment—all these have been set aside to accommodate a book-sized article on the victims and near-victims of the first city in history to be killed by an atomic weapon.

Ever since it began publishing almost twenty-five years ago, *The New Yorker* has stayed pretty close to its beat, displaying a cool, dry-eyed attitude about Manhattan, and, for that matter, about life in general. If it should be wondered why such a periodical should suddenly travel 12,000 miles away from its self-assigned theater of editorial operations to publish an intimate, unsophisticated, from-the-heart account of what happened to a Japanese city more than a year ago, the answer is to be found not only in the importance of Mr. Hersey's article, which is in the best tradition of Defoe writing about the destruction of St. Vincent Island, or Pliny about the eruption of Vesuvius, but in the fact that most Americans have not as yet recognized the implications of the precedent set by us in unleashing atomic warfare.

Do we know, for example, that many thousands of human beings in Japan will die of cancer during the next few years because of radioactivity released by the bomb? Do we know that the atomic bomb is in reality a death ray, and that the damage by blast and fire may be secondary to the damage caused by radiological assault upon human tissue? Have we as a people any sense of responsibility for the crime of Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Have we attempted to press our leaders for an answer concerning their refusal to heed the pleas of the scientists against the use of the bomb without a demonstration, on the basis of which an ultimatum would have been issued to Japan, which would thus have had the responsibility for making the decision as to whether atomic bombs would be used on human beings? And now that we have learned from a Navy spokesman that Japan was ready to quit even before Hiroshima, what happens to the argument that numberless thousands of American lives were saved?

Do we know, finally, that the atomic bomb is the perfect weapon against America, and that by our use of it—at a time when no other nation had it—we have almost guaranteed its general use in the next war? We used it when it served our purpose to do so—and other peoples are not so dense that they cannot see that our present anxiety stems not from any deep moral convictions but from the knowledge that our concentrated population and centralized industry make us the most vulnerable major nation.

These questions are implicit rather than explicit in Mr. Hersey's article; they are not academic, they are not marginal, they are not to be separated from the problem of building a workable peace. And through its treatment of the Hersey article, *The New Yorker* may have hit upon a device that could be tremendously effective if applied on a national scale. What the country needs today is a moratorium on its normal activity, habits, and general routine; which is to say, a moratorium on trivia in order to acquire a basic literacy on the questions of our time. Let us have a National Concentration Week, during which we can ponder not only the implications of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, moral and political, but the problem of competitive national sovereignty in an atomic age. Let all our communication and educational resources be mobilized for the articulation of a set of national values on which a platform for leadership might be built.

If it did nothing else, it might at least enable the American people to recognize a crisis when they see one and are in one. N. C.

This Miracle

By Florence S. Edsall

THIS brain,
This miracle within the skull,
Grooved by fear and scheming,
Furrowed by despair—
In its fragile case, so beautiful with wonder,
With dreaming so obscure,
Magic with memory, and so dull,
Seeing exactly through the eyes' windows
The world's cunning and amazing spectacle
Of leaf and blade, bud, bird, beast, bug—
Stretches of sky, of sea, of the green earth,
And seeing through the eyes' windows
Man,
So finite and so infinite,
Beguiling with warm glance, close hand-clasp,
Mean to the core, noble beyond belief—
Bewildered self-seeker with a spark of soul
Gnawing his vitals.

This brain,
This miracle within the skull
Of the consistency of putty,
Porous and crumbly as a penny eraser,
Bathed by life,
By thought,
By hope and horror,
Looking within through the spirit's eye
At death.
At chaos—lighted, darkened,
Exciting and profound,
At the black night,
Its slumbering gleams and flashes past all reason—

This brain,
This miracle within the skull.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Works in Progress

SIR: I have been commissioned to complete the life of Rupert Brooke undertaken by the late Richard Halliburton, whose untimely death cut short a long-cherished plan. I will, in this connection, be grateful for any letters from or any personalia regarding the English poet, particularly those in relation to his visit in the United States and Canada during the year 1913. All material entrusted to me will, of course, be scrupulously cared for and finally returned.

ARTHUR STRINGER.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

SIR: I am gathering material for a life of the American poet Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904). If any of your readers have letters or other material pertaining to him or to his friends, I would appreciate hearing from them at the address given below. I can assure you that any material made available to me will be treated with care and used according to the wishes of the owner.

THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

12 Gansevoort St.,
New York 14, N. Y.

SIR: I am at work on a study of the life and writings of George Washington Cable, and shall be happy to learn the whereabouts of Cable letters.

ARLIN TURNER.

Louisiana State University,
Baton Rouge, La.

SIR: I have been instructed by the trustees of the Horace Plunkett Foundation to write a biography of the late Sir Horace Plunkett. If any of your readers have letters or memoranda which they feel would contribute to such a study I should be most grateful for the opportunity of reading them. Originals, or preferably copies, should be forwarded to me at this address.

M. DIGBY.

Horace Plunkett Foundation,
10 Doughty Street,
London, W.C.1.

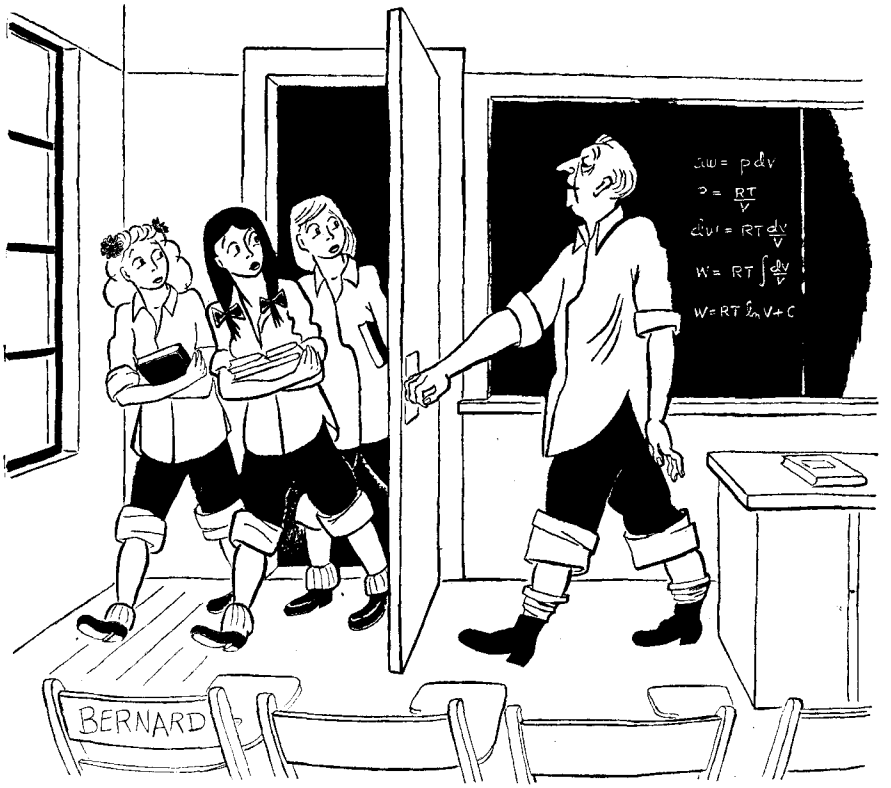
SIR: I am engaged on research into the life of George Gissing, and before finally completing my book, would like to appeal to your readers for permission to see any letters of Gissing's, or copies thereof, and perhaps use them.

Gissing spent some time in America, and it is possible that letters from him may still be in existence. If, therefore, any reader of your journal has such letters, I would much appreciate it if he would get in touch with me as soon as possible.

JAMES PATERSON.

c/o Miss Clayson,
60, New Oxford St.,
London, W.C.1.

SIR: Before the war, I started to compile an anthology of unpublished short stories written by famous authors. The stories were unpublished because of daring theme, or for being too strong for the general public to digest.



"Good morning, students."

After a four-year interruption, during which time I served in the armed forces, I want to pick up where I left off. I have several unpublished short stories by such authors as Joseph Conrad, Vance Thompson, and Warrington Dawson. However, I need a few more to complete the anthology.

The type of short story that I want for this compilation could easily be defined as the "homing pigeon" variety of manuscript. It's a well-written story and makes the rounds of the editorial offices and is rejected only because the editors feel that its theme is too strong for general reading public consumption. It's not pornography nor is the theme in any way "pink." Its plot can be almost anything except suggestive.

Immediate reading and report will be given on all manuscripts submitted.

CHET L. SWITAL.

4123 San Fernando Road,
Glendale 4, Calif.

SIR: I am placing in newspaper clipping books all reviews and pictures I have in my possession of my brother, Thomas Wolfe. These books will go to the Harvard Library alongside his manuscripts in time. I think they will be invaluable to students who will study his works.

I lack reviews to fill the three big books. It has been suggested to me that readers of *The Saturday Review* would be glad to send me writings, reviews, and pictures pertaining to Thomas Wolfe or his books, for the purpose of making complete review and photobooks to be placed in the Harvard (Houghton) Library.

I believe a notice of this kind will do a world of good in bringing in material. The *SRL* was generous in its praise of Tom.

MABEL WOLFE WHEATON.

3612 Macomb St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Lilocks vs. Lilacks

SIR: As a frequent traveler all over the United States, may I say that the common pronunciation of lilacs (*SRL* Aug. 24) is lilocks, not I think broad *a*, but as indicated by the above spelling. In the South, however, one frequently hears the pronunciation lilacks, just as one hears sometimes pam for palm, and cam for calm.

CHARLES E. BACON.

Boston, Mass.

Cockles

SIR: Anent Mr. John MacKnight's interest (*SRL* Aug 10) in "cockles of the heart," said to be warmed by good wine, Brewer has it in the *cochleae cordis*, the ventricles, and this goes back to 1669. Apperson doesn't get back any further than 1685, when S. Wesley in "Maggots," no doubt without reference to wine, said, "It terrifies the cocales of my heart." Webster tells us that a cockle is a bivalve mollusk of the genus *Cardium*. It has radially ribbed valves and prominent umbones, and has somewhat the shape of a heart as seen from one end. The Shorter Oxford sums it all up by saying that the expression is explained (i) by the likeness of the heart to a cockle-shell; (ii) by the zoölogical name for the cockle (Cardium).

E. C. YOUNG.

Ottawa, Ont.

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Strictly Personal

WE HAVE HAD A BOOK

WE have had a book at our house. We use the expression advisedly. If it is correct to say, "We have had a baby," it is correct to say, "We have had a book." There is an amazing similarity between the two performances.

To take first things first, in the beginning the impending event is not revealed to the public. It is more or less a secret known only to one's close friends and, for obvious reasons, to publisher or physician. As time goes on, the circle of those who know widens. The appearance of long sheets of galley proof around the house discloses the secret as genteelly as infants' garments used to do in the old-fashioned movie. At this stage, for reasons best known to oneself, one begins to decline social engagements and to stay closely at home. The long, grinding ordeal of making an index may well be called a painful labor by those who have experienced it. And the actual day of arrival of the offspring is one never to be forgotten. It is an event wrapped in tribulation and glory.

With book as with baby, one doesn't know what it looks like until it arrives, and then it is too late to do anything about it. The author who opens his newly minted book to discover a misprint on the first page has all the sensations of a parent whose baby has been born with a birthmark on its face.

This brain child we produced turned out to be twins. This was not the original plan. It usually isn't. It is one of those things announced to you by publisher or doctor, those specialists in obstetric art, after an examination. It is apt to come as a great surprise.

This news came to us when the feminine half of the partnership happened to be in the hospital and very groggy from an operation's anesthetic and sedatives. Her husband told her that a letter had just come from the publishers saying that the book would be in two volumes. Though things in general were rather misty, she was elated, and when the doctor entered, he was greeted with the faint but happy remark, "It's going to be twins." He looked somewhat startled, as such an event would have required considerable revision of his diagnosis.

In one professorial household book and baby arrived about the same time. How strenuous life must have been for this pair! A friend congratulated the professor upon the recent proud event in his family (meaning the baby) and he, thinking, as a man will, of that achievement which had cost him the greater effort, unfortunately replied: "Well, I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."

Books, like babies, resemble their parents. Both events are creative, a launching of a bit of oneself into the world and therefore associated with a sense of fulfillment. Each is a mutual interest between husband and wife, a loved topic to talk over together and plan for in quiet evenings at home. Both involve a great deal of the good old *ad astra per aspera* feeling. Heavens knows there are "aspera" in either case, but as human parenthood has its deep emotional satisfaction, just so the authorship of a book has its moments of exaltation.

But to the public at large it is just another book or another baby in a world of books and babies. There was never a perfect specimen of either; they all have their faults. One can draw an analogy even here. Little Sue's colic is as undeniable and unexpected an error as the one on page —well, never mind what page it is on—and wee Johnny's tantrum is as embarrassing as the upsidedown illustration in volume two. Both book and baby carry the family name, to add distinction to it or otherwise, and that is one of those hazards it is best not to think about when you wake up in the middle of the night.

After it is all over and the finished product has been passed upon by circles outside the family, and there have been praises and criticisms and always a thousand unforeseen complications, problems, and vexations of soul, and you remember the long painful period of effort necessary for its production, you shake your head and say: "Never again. It's too much. We are delighted to have this one; we couldn't picture life without it, but not another. We just *can't* go through all that again."

And then in several years, with book or baby, like as not you have to take it all back.

RUTH PAINTER RANDALL.

Editor's Note: The "twins" whom Mrs. Randall modestly declines to identify are "Lincoln the President," by her husband, James Garfield Randall of the University of Illinois. The book was reviewed in the SRL *for November 17, 1945.*

"Mrs. Probe has just finished 'Memoirs of Hecate County.'"

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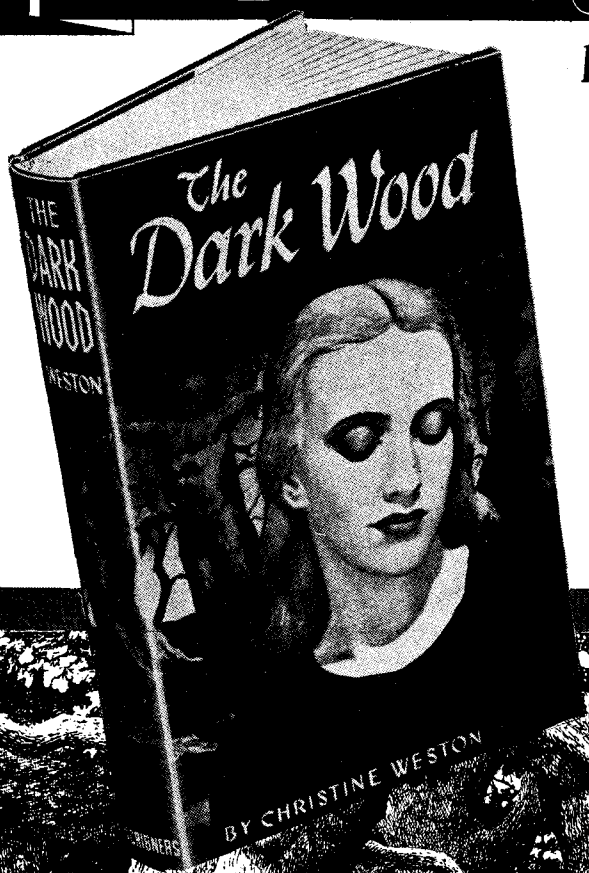
1846 . A Century of Publishing 1946



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AT ALL BOOKSTORES — CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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TRADE Winds

Van H. Cartmell, Associate Editor of Doubleday & Co., substitutes this week for Bennett Cerf, who is on vacation.

A GREAT MANY things in the book business are done through force of habit. Some of the practices, hallowed by tradition and as yet untouched by insurgent enterprise, are good. But some of the customs sanctioned by usage and undisturbed largely through inertia are not.

For years, publishers have accepted without question the ukase of the English Publishers Association that publication rights for Great Britain automatically include the entire British Empire, with the rather reluctant exception of Canada. Australia and South Africa were placarded "Keep off." In many cases, however, the British holder of Australian and South African rights did not seriously exercise them by any kind of promotion. This was particularly true in the war years, of course. Save in rare instances, moreover, the guarantees offered as advance against future royalties seemed extremely low. In these days of vastly increased demand, to seek an upward revision seems reasonable enough. Perhaps the fact that the American publisher as a rule does not participate substantially in foreign rights may have contributed to an attitude of laissez faire which the British publisher has been only too glad to encourage. Of late, however, a few publishers are exhibiting a tendency to dust off routine acceptance of "British Empire exclusive of Canada" in an English contract and to examine the value of those privileges of which they—or, more frequently, authors' agents—have been disposing for a mess of small soup.

Australia in the main is eager to be treated as is Canada in the matter of independent rights. Australia's reading potentiality in ratio to population is astounding. More than one enterprising student of book club possibilities is willing to guarantee a membership of 30,000 subscribers within two months, despite the fact that the population of the entire continent barely exceeds that of New York City. Several publishers are ready to guarantee for Australia and New Zealand, for any really popular American book, considerably more than the British firms will offer for Empire rights. At the same time there are reputable British firms who are perfectly willing to guarantee as much and more for rights limited to the British Isles as their confreres offer for the usual Empire privileges.

When one considers that the Australian publishers' bid may be added to that of the "British Isles" offer, leaving South Africa (which now comfortably consumes some six to eight thousand copies of a popular novel) still open, one must give thought to the advisability of conceding to the old-school-britches notion of permitting English publishers to make their own OPA ceiling on American wares.

That this is not theory is indicated by several recent transactions. One publisher sold publication rights for "British Isles only" on a slim volume for $6500. A recent book club selection, upon which investigation was made, developed bids from England for "British Isles only" of $2500, from Australia of $1000 advance against a printing of 10,000 copies, and left unrestricted an assured sale in South Africa of 7000 copies. The offers, which guaranteed a royalty of about $7000, unfortunately could not be accepted because the agent involved had already been committed to the acceptance of a bid of £150 for British Empire rights.

Two factors apparently enter into the existence of such an obvious discrepancy between what may be and what is: a very understandable tendency on the part of our own publishers to shield the interests of our sorely tried associates in Britain to whom we owe much, and second, a curious combination of ignorance and lethargy on the part of the average agent who insists on controlling foreign rights without fully keeping abreast of their possibilities.

Perhaps a forceful—and less controversial—instance of this is to be found in the reprint field. When the average reprint contract is signed for low-priced editions of successful books, the rights are *without question* limited to those controlled by the original publisher. Probably this is usually determined by a routine investigation of the contract card made with the author's agent. The latter has conceded only "U. S. and Canada" as rights for the American publication in order to have more to offer a possible British customer. By the time the reprint edition is to be made available, usually about a year later, the agent has probably either completed a deal or ceased the attempt. More often than you might think, the latter is the case, and a little further investigation might well have released a new and profitable market for the lower priced edition, but a little card in a little file, consulted with a clerk's unquestioning eye, has interfered.

Recently, Garden City went over its back list of successful titles to discover whether the field of distribution for them might not be extended. All limited contracts were queried, and the original publishers asked to check on the possible availability of extended territories. In seventy per cent of the cases new rights were released. The additional sales and, consequently, revenues for all concerned — including, naturally, author and agent—were very substantial. Yet it may be safely assumed that this would not in the ordinary nature of things have resulted from what has heretofore been normal procedure on the part of all concerned.

It seems reasonable to believe that the possible returns from the division and segregation of foreign rights in English are being grossly underestimated by both publisher and agent, and that there is a regrettable tendency on the part of both to neglect following up export possibilities after initial efforts at foreign rights sales have proved unsuccessful.

No one wishes to take unfair advantage of the lack of production facilities which cramp English publishers. It is an unpleasant condition of which we ourselves have been unhappily aware. But many feel that these circumstances simply aggravate a situation that existed long before the war, and believe in all sincerity that we have heretofore been somewhat unenterprising and perhaps a little blind.

THERE IS STRAYING about the publishers' houses a nondescript manuscript of reminiscences—random notes and erratic drawings by Roland Young.

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"Young woman, bored with life, desires correspondence with understanding male."

Two firms, intrigued by its peculiar appeal, have already tried hard to accept it but have found the task of pinning down its ephemeral quality too much for them. Some day someone good at handling mercury will make a best seller out of it. Roland is one of those people who is constantly having bizarre experiences. As he came out of his hotel one evening recently during a heavy rainstorm he saw to his great surprise and relief an empty taxi only a few yards away. He put his head down, scrambled to the door and piled in. Before he could give the driver his address he was thrown abruptly forward on his face. Scrambling up to expostulate he slid abruptly off the seat, making at the same time the startling discovery that there *was* no driver and that the rear wheels of his cab had risen a good foot from the ground. At that moment, the cab began to move—in reverse. It was being towed away. After a short, uncomfortable ride Mr. Young was enabled by a stop light to make his escape. He paid no fare.

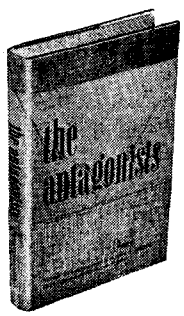
LIFE MAGAZINE, which, from time to time, has cast a glance of interest at the book publishing business, has apparently decided to give us the benefit of its august recognition with a substantial book section. It is planned, we hear, to do synopses, reprint whole chapters, or make condensations of novels or important books of non-fiction each week. The first condensation, if reports be accurate (one always has to be a little careful in making predictions about *Life*), will be Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men."

AUTHORS WHO attempt to sell their own books are usually more of a nuisance than a help, but there are occasional happy exceptions. Probably one of the most notable in this respect is the energetic Miss Sophie Tucker. She, by nature, does things in the grand manner, and when her autobiography, "Some of These Days," was published, she had 1,500 copies specially bound, autographed them, and proceeded to sell them out of her own hand at $25 each. Since then, she has disposed of over 11,000 copies of the two trade editions, largely in the spots where she has been featured as an entertainer. The story might not be worth telling were it not for the fact that every penny which she takes in is devoted to the Sophie Tucker Charities Fund, and the makeup of this proves enough of the size of the lady's heart as well as the broadness of her views, for three of the chief beneficiaries are the Catholic Actors' Guild of America, the Episcopal Actors' Guild, and the Jewish Theatrical Guild. The Actors' Fund of America, a home for the aged, and a playground enterprise complete the picture. So far her own sales of her book have contributed nearly $50,000.

SCRIBNER'S HAVE done probably better than they know in acquiring the services of Norman Snow. His combination of almost belligerent sincerity and picturesque sense of humor is an effective one. . . . Speaking of how people's secretaries answer telephones —and I believe Bennett was—Alan Jackson's assistant at Paramount gives him an excellent opening by saying, "Holding Miss Thomas." . . . A. A. van Duym has been invited to be display consultant at the Boston Book Fair. This year the booths are to be arranged by booksellers instead of publishers (one more setback for the cause of imprints, Bennett!) and van Duym's windows at Scribner's are nationally known. Some of his stories deserve similar recognition, particularly the one about a harried book clerk who had struggled through a bad morning with a succession of vague characters. He approached a gentleman leafing through a copy of "Memoirs of Hecate County," straightened his tie, bowed, and with a beatific smile said in melodious tones: "You're not one of those God-damned browsers, are you?"

VAN H. CARTMELL.

"From where I sit"



SOMETHING is happening to the family unit in America, something which has been speeded up by the war but which began long before it. The American family unit in the old sense is breaking up.

It's breaking up through economic pressures which cause families to move elsewhere, and newly married couples to move in with the folks because there just isn't any other place to live. It's breaking up because a new morality and a new political consciousness is pervading the mind of the younger generation more thoroughly than it ever pervaded our fathers. It's breaking up in the families of the foreign-born where the immigrant parents were too old to catch on to the American idiom; and in the old aristocratic families where young John sees nothing particularly malicious about having run the Studebaker into a stone wall, or gone off to live in Greenwich Village.

Within the family we now find severed loyalties, and it is frequently possible to trace sides. OWEN CAMERON does just that in **The Antagonists,** a story of a man's fight to preserve family unity against an evil outside influence, in this case, a faith-healer named Cram.

When Cram appeared on the scene with his magnetic personality and his over-simple doctrine of faith, love, and hope, Ed Robey saw the end of his family life. Not that there hadn't been trouble before. To begin with, Ed Robey looked upon himself, half-humorously to be sure, as a man of the soil and the family These were things he could understand and fight for. His wife, Marie, on the other hand, was childlike, charming and wilful. Of their two boys, Earl, the oldest, took after his mother, and Don, a robust kid, took after his father. This is certainly a familiar situation in most American families, and Ed felt that, antagonistic as it was to his idea of family life, it could be surmounted. And that's where Cram came in, swinging Marie and Earl over onto the side of his panacea, and making what was a clean rift in the family, at least until Ed Robey took matters into his own hands.

It's a basic problem in this country; the names and numbers of the players may differ, but the problem strikes HOME.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

IF THE TABLES WERE TURNED

THE eight weeks were almost up. The summer camp to which we had sent our boys was just about over. They would soon have taken their farewell dips in the lake. They would soon have gone on their last picnics; ridden around the ring for the last time on a docile pony; scaled their last mountains, woven their last rugs, fashioned their last clay ash trays; and sung their parting songs. Within another two days the train bearing them back from the Adirondacks was due to arrive—at daybreak, of course. In other words, the moment had come when my wife and I were to receive the final reports on our boys.

We had waited for these reports impatiently. We were anxious to learn—as what parents are not?—the impression our children had made on others. We wanted the truth—the impersonal, expert, progressive, and informed truth. Not the prejudiced views of aunts, uncles or grandparents. Or the artful tolerance which our strong-willed friends may have developed.

No. We sought the truth as only strangers can observe it and record it. On the subject of our sons our desire was for the opinions—if need be, the dissenting opinions—of their world, not ours; of their contemporaries rather than of our own. We hoped their counsellors, being trained in these matters, would tell us all. We trusted their findings would be sweet, but if the bitter had to be mixed with it we were prepared to swallow it. Our ambition was to learn how our boys had adapted themselves to their age groups, and what were their aptitudes as social animals for work and play. In short, we thought we wanted the truth as sworn to by witnesses in all the law courts.

We got it. We discovered a lot about our boys that neither we nor they had known before, and that we had never even suspected. We were told about their manners at meals away from home. We were informed about their prowess at crafts. Their talents as leaders or as followers. Their cheerfulness when submitting to picnics, overnight hikes, or organized play. And their ways with frogs, butterflies, campfires, pup-tents, blueberries, cows, garter snakes, and other little boys. We were informed, too, of their good qualities and warned against their menacing ones. We were advised of those characteristics we would do well to encourage, and those defects we would do better to overcome. All this, and much more, was reported to us. It was shrewdly noted even if amiably expressed, and we were grateful; deeply grateful.

But, on the night after I had read these reports, an icicle of fear pierced my heart. My wife and I were just about to go away for a two-week vacation at a summer hotel.

"Suppose," thought I in the dark stretches before the dawn, "suppose the tables were to be reversed! Sup-

pose—oh, perish the possibility!—that, at the end of our stay, the proprietress, a most observant woman, as experienced in the ways of adults as camp counsellors are in those of the young, should send our boys a report of similar frankness on our behavior during our visit!"

I had to switch on the light to rid myself of the nightmare. Because I can see my own report now. In fact, I haven't slept well since first I became haunted by the idea of how it would read.

"Although your father has shown decided growth in some areas since last summer, he still needs to develop a group consciousness. He does not seem to want to play with the other guests. He does not quite enter into the spirit of the lounge, for example. He is particularly reluctant in making friends with the girls in the older group, and avoids bridge, mahjong, and even solitaire, with undisguised stubbornness.

"He exhibits much initiative, however, in reading, especially when there are others in the lounge. Unfortunately, he does not as yet take an active interest in the past illnesses, present symptoms, or hoped-for meals of those sitting in the rocking chairs next to him.

"His devotion to truth is not as strong as some of us wish it were. For instance, he keeps telling his fellow guests, 'Well, I must be running now.' But, as a matter of fact, he never runs. He only walks away hurriedly.

"I regret to report that your father has not made an advance in swimming. Instead, he has gone backwards during the last eight summers. He has developed lazy water habits, and no longer seems anxious to pass the raft test. Instead of employing the Australian crawl as he did with some promise the first summer he was here, he is now content to execute the breast stroke (in a most slovenly fashion), to float, or even to wade.

"On the beach he frequently exercises a disturbing influence. He has not learned how to relax at the rest period, and either keeps talking when others are sunbathing or insists upon muttering that he can't understand how human beings can be such hippopotami as to loll in the sun without stirring. Although we commend him for his energy, we deplore the fact that he has not acquired that talent for both mass and individual apathy which we encourage in our guests.

"He continues to enjoy the water, even if he now seems to be as fond of it fresh and hot in his tub as he is when he encounters it cold and salt in the ocean. He is more finicky about high tides as opposed to low ones than he used to be. His rowing, when he undertakes it, is leisurely at best. But he neither sails nor appears to enjoy hearing others talk of what they did while sailing with the jib, tiller, boom, etc.

"His fondness for fishing is genuine. Yet, oddly enough, he derives as much pleasure from hooking a three-inch perch in a pond as other men of his age bracket derive from bringing in a tuna at sea.

"Although he uses matches well, he is recalcitrant when it comes to collecting driftwood. The matches he lights are applied amost exclusively to his own cigarettes, of which he smokes so many that we are persuaded someone must be sending him packages contrary to regulations.

"His table manners are correct enough. But he appears to be more interested in talking with the younger waitresses than in eating the wax-beans which are set before him in a birdbath dish twice each day. Your father has evidently been exposed to some unfortunate winter influences. He has come to like hot meals and expect a variety in his diet. Some-

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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

times he is apt to complain or to pout when he gets neither.

"He is not as prompt at table as he might be. Instead of joining the circle at the door before lunch or dinner, he often comes in late, apparently having been some place else first. When he is reminded that the doors close at two and seven, because the waitresses have other dates, his reaction is not as sympathetic as might be hoped.

"Your father likes to talk. His vocabulary, though large for his age, is not always suited to the sensibilities or sex of those at the next tables

who never talk but who like to eat and listen.

"His knowledge of the geography of our island has not improved. Accordingly, we are inclined to recommend that he do some compass and atlas work next winter. Although he says his love for the country is great, and he seems happy and sleeps well here, he has been known, even in his sleep, to talk affectionately of New York City.

"His sleep leads me to his room. I am sorry to report that his is not a tidy duffel bag and that he does not keep his alcove as neat as he should. The presence of the clothes closet has been pointed out to him daily. Even so he shows no concentration in remembering either its whereabouts or its uses.

"It is because we feel your father has it in him to be a happy and contributive member of our group that we urge you to see to it that he spends at least a week or two at a hotel similar to ours during these coming winter months."

In some such fashion, my conscience warned me, the proprietress of our summer hotel would have to report on me to my young, if she undertook the counsellor's role. I was alarmed, as I have confessed, for several sleepless nights by the dread that such a report might come. Then a great reassuring calm possessed me. I suddenly remembered that the proprietress had never answered any of the letters I had sent her during the three months before our visit. Her disinclination to writing was my only safeguard.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Stories with Women

AN AFTERNOON. By Elizabeth Parsons. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 205 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ALL regular readers of *The New Yorker* know that Elizabeth Parsons has what would once have been called a very pretty slant, for it is in that magazine that most of her short stories have been printed during the past few years. Seventeen of these stories have now been collected in "An Afternoon," and the collection demonstrates, far more conclusively than could periodical publication, that her talent is remarkably consistent, the texture of her style remarkably even, the range of her themes notably limited, and her point of view firmly fixed.

There are women whose writings could easily be mistaken for those of men. Miss Parsons's fiction could never be so mistaken; even had she chosen to employ the most masculine of pseudonyms, she could have fooled no one. Her world is essentially and almost exclusively a woman's world, seen through a woman's eyes. It is a world of feminine values and feminine judgments. It is a world in which men, by and large, play very dull roles indeed. But more of that in a moment. First it should be said that Miss Parsons translates her world into literature by fixing her attention and ours upon significant moments, by giving us brief insights into the lives of her characters—insights that permit us to look beyond the momentary action or inaction which appears, superficially, to be a story's substance. She prefers suggestion to explanation. She is incapable of laboring a point, the lightness of her touch being sometimes almost too airy. She flatters us by assuming that our wisdom is such that a word is always sufficient. Understatement is her strength, and although it is true that some of her stories are thin, tenuous, and fragile almost to the vanishing point, it is also true that there is not one of them that does not continue in the reader's mind after the last written word has been read. This is a virtue which they share with the Japanese *hokku*.

Miss Parsons's recurrent character is a female—child, young girl, or married woman—who finds herself in rebellion against, or trapped by, her surrounding world. Yearning and frustration are the dominant themes. In "The Nightingales Sing," an adolescent girl glimpses a way of life that seems to her extraordinarily exciting and romantic when compared to her humdrum home existence; but return to the humdrum she must. In "Listen to the Crookeds," little Angela replies to her mother's injunction, "You're not to go out, Angela!", with the cry, "I *am* out!", and we know that when she grows up she will shun the narrow ways of conventionality. Thirteen-year-old Amy, in "The Difference," falls in love with a sailor lad, dreams of how wonderful it will be when they meet and speak, and runs into a blank wall of disappointment when the desired meeting occurs. Emmy waits for a beau through "The Long Day," while the day ravels out in frustration and ends in minor tragedy. Kathy tries to claim "The Island" as her very own, tries to escape into a private world; and Miss Parsons is speaking not only of Kathy when she writes: "Something was here, somewhere, that she had been wanting, without knowing what it was. She could think of nothing but her longing to be away, alone, looking for—but she did not know what." The ladies, young and old, gathered together in "An Afternoon," seldom know precisely what they want, but they are almost all uncomfortably sure of what they have.

Again and again, according to Miss Parsons's fictional pattern, it is a dull man who is the dull and passive villain of the piece. The young mother of "A Red Carpet for Phoebe" escapes from her drab daily routine and her always predictable husband into a world of dreams which holds a man who is a gay companion and not at all

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Dream Girl
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predictable; and from that world she returns determined that her little girl's life shall not be as hers has been. The wife of "The Wedding Cake" also has a very dull husband. but she has too a gay companion, of flesh-and-blood, who lives right next door and who barges in at all hours to bring light and confusion to a stuffy household. If, perhaps, Lydia had met Dick earlier? But Lydia's role in life is that of "a wonderful wife, so devoted to poor John and the two little girls, who had been wifeless and motherless for five years." In "The Candy Box," it is not a dull husband that we have, but a dull fiancée in an off-stage part, while romance and gaiety are embodied by an amusing and rather drunken gentleman whom the heroine encounters in a dining-car.

Yes, there is no doubt that yearning and frustration are the fate of these numerous heroines. Once, indeed, in the title story, we are sure that one of them has actually succeeded in taking flight; but, we ask ourselves, towards what? Into what? However they might fly, these ladies would always be companioned inexorably by their temperaments.

In three of the seventeen stories, Miss Parsons abandons her feminine point of view and moves over to the masculine side, and in one of the three she steps clean out of her familiar, well-worked field and scores brilliantly. This story is "Mr. Clisbee and the Wax Flowers," and it makes me believe that she would be well advised to extend her range deliberately and determinedly. There is no question that she now does perfectly what she has chosen to do, but it is also beyond question that there is a certain monotony in the performance. "Mr. Clisbee" clearly indicates that she can and should give her creative imagination a considerably freer rein.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Chipping, in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton. 2. Friedrich Bhaer, in "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott. 3. Jonathan Goodliffe, in "The Townsman," by John Sedges. 4. Dr. John Thorndyke, in many stories by Austin Freeman. 5. Tommy Hambledon, in "Drink to Yesterday," "A Toast to Tomorrow," etc., by Manning Coles. 6. Ralph Hartsook, in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," by Edward Eggleston. 7. Lovberg, in "Hedda Gabler," by Henrik Ibsen. 8. Ichabod Crane, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving. 9. Prof. Paul Emanuel, in "Villette," by Charlotte Bronte. 10. "Gideon Planish," by Sinclair Lewis.

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Printing Comes to British America

THE CAMBRIDGE PRESS, 1638-1692: A REEXAMINATION OF THE EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE BAY PSALM BOOK AND THE ELIOT INDIAN BIBLE AS WELL AS OTHER CONTEMPORARY BOOKS AND PEOPLE. By George Parker Winship, Rosenbach Fellow in Bibliography. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1945. 385 *pp.* $5.

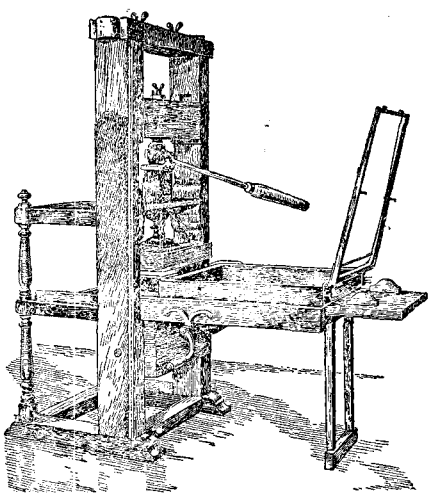
Reviewed by JOHN ELIOT ALDEN

ALMOST a hundred and forty years ago Isaiah Thomas gave the earliest account of the beginnings of printing in this country. Now what should be the definitive record of the Stephen Day press has finally appeared in George Parker Winship's "The Cambridge Press, 1638-1692," a work on which a reviewer, were he to be allowed but once in his lifetime to use the adjective monumental, might without extravagance expend it. The book is indeed a monument not only to the handful of people who produced the first printing in English America but to a half century of bibliographical research by Mr. Winship as well.

The history of the Cambridge press is not unfamiliar—of the shipment of a press and a supply of type to the new colony, where, at Cambridge, it was set up in the house of President Dunster of Harvard. Once in operation, from the press were issued those works, such as the Bay Psalm Book and the Eliot Indian Bible, which rank high among the sentimental and cultural landmarks of our past. To accept Mr. Winship's characteristic and depreciatory statement that his work has been but a reexamination of what has already been written on the subject would minimize both the scope of what he has done and the trenchant nature of his critical judgment. While on occasion Mr. Winship does show that what has been accepted as gospel about the press is unquestionably false, he is not too academic or cautious a scholar to advance a reasonable hypothesis when the evidence does not permit a conclusive statement.

In his account of the press Mr. Winship has not limited himself to the material regarding the books it published or to the story of the vicissitudes of the printers from "one Day" to Samuel Green, Jr. He has also made use of a broad knowledge of the period. As a result the work is bibliography at its best: not merely a factual record of the physical production of books, of interest almost exclusively to the librarian and the collector, but also the focal point at which the varied aspects of the life of the period, intellectual, theological, economic, and political, coincide. Consequently "The Cambridge Press" is both a story of the press and of New England in the seventeenth century.

A practising printer himself, Mr. Winship, unlike many who compile so-called bibliographies, is able to explain and analyze the technical aspects of printing which shaped the form in which the books appeared.



—*The N. Y. Public Library Picture Collection.*

The original (?) Stephen Day Press

On the same basis it has been possible for him to reconstruct, by employing bills for printing still in existence and a knowledge of costs and usages, the probable appearance and size of works now lost to which reference has been found. As a historian, on the other hand, he is even more interested in the social and intellectual forces which were responsible for the fact that the books were, to begin with, set up in type. The importance of the Cambridge press reaches far beyond its position as the first in this country, for it was also the medium through which conflicting ideologies and personalities found expression at a significant period in our history. In such a way the beginnings of Harvard College, religious controversies over infant baptism, the activities of the Corporation for Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England, and even family relationships and domestic quarrels, which otherwise would possess today purely antiquarian interest, became relevant as they affected the output of the press. The portrait of John Eliot which Mr. Winship creates is something less than the heroic Apostle to the Indians of convention, but it is a more tangible one in showing Eliot's singleness of purpose.

Mr. Winship has chosen to construct his book chronologically around the books printed in Cambridge. Logical though this procedure may seem, it is at times unfortunate, for it has been necessary for him to refer to evidence to be introduced later, which is on occasion irritating. How valuable the reader will find the frequently detailed analyses of the physical problems in setting type is questionable, since they will seem to many a tour de force, more ingenious than important. It is also likely that the caustic comments which Mr. Winship devotes to librarians will evoke a tolerant and indulgent smile rather than agreement, but when Mr. Winship playfully suggests that libraries may not always be the best repository for rare books it is possible that he has private reasons for thinking so, since he was himself for some forty years a librarian.

Of all the bibliographers of his generation Mr. Winship has been credited with having done most to save others from committing errors of fact or judgment. The same exacting scholarship is exhibited in "The Cambridge Press." Mr. Winship might, however, have buttressed his attribution to increase Mather's "A Brief Discourse Concerning . . . Common Prayer Worship" to the press, which he ascribes to it only on the basis of worn types and careless presswork, by a reference to Cotton Mather's diary, where the latter states that the work was "being sett up in this country." Mr. Winship might also have included a discussion of the press now in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society which has, with doubtful authority, been described as that used by Stephen Day. And, speaking in larger terms, it is important to remember, in order to maintain a sense of proportion, that, despite the presence of a printing press in the colony, the intellectual leaders of New England at the time continued to send their major manuscripts to England for printing.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 650)

CARLETON BEALS:
AMERICAN EARTH
(The Biography of a Nation)

Progress has laid its neat, commonplace lacquer over all the mysteries of yesterday. . . . The poppies are gone—though not from memory or my hopes—, . . . and other beauties unknown when I was a boy catch me in a great grip of silent wonder.

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1817 Dairymaid

TO SEE A FINE LADY. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 248 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ENGLAND in 1817. The county of Essex. A small farm, run by cheerful, generous people, the Pollards. The harvest. And their best dairymaid, Araminta Glover, not eighteen years old, is making up her mind to ask Mrs. Pollard for fifty shillings wages next year, instead of the annual two pounds she has been getting. Of those two pounds she has, every year, sent thirty shillings back to her parents at Minsham Green; they still live in the "clod cottage . . . from which she had set out to make a living at the age of ten." The year, let me repeat, is 1817. Boney is beaten; but the queer caprice of "political economy" is making living harder than it was during the war. All over England the small people are being urged (and forced) to eat potatoes, rye, oatmeal instead of bread. There are many unemployed all over the country.

This is the first of Miss Lofts's novels I have read; and at the beginning of "To See a Fine Lady" I was afraid it was going to be heavy going. But I was wrong. The pace is slow, except for a few moments of high excitement; and a slow pace is best suited to this record of an England which was still feudal in tradition and, in the country, feudal in habit. The book has deep colors, the richness of land and sky and dairy, the stubborn courage of people who love the land only because they will get the better of it. Miss Lofts's writing has no affectations; indeed, at first it seems rather pedestrian, and it is only when one looks back at the whole story and judges its effect that one realizes how suitable it is to her subject. It is grave and serious; and Miss Lofts's general approach to her people and her theme reminds me of Sheila Kaye-Smith and Doreen Wallace.

There are only two complaints I would make against Miss Lofts's truth to period. Her dialogue is occasionally too modern—to take a small instance: "Hello" is a word that was not known until a couple of generations later. And I think the country parson would have been likely to have occupied a rather more prominent place than is given to him here. But "To See a Fine Lady" is an exceptional novel, written by a woman who has a rare knowledge of her own sex: and if her men are a woman's men—well, aren't we all?

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The Small College—Whither Bound?

REMEMBRANCE OF AMHERST, AN UNDERGRADUATE'S DIARY, 1846-1848. *By William Gardiner Hammond. Edited by George F. Whicher. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1946. *viii* + 307 *pp.* $3.

PIETY AND INTELLECT AT AMHERST COLLEGE 1865-1912. *By Thomas le Duc. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1946. *ix* + 165 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

NOSTALGIA for the small college of yesterday is no adequate sentiment upon which to base reflections about the small college of tomorrow.

The trend in higher education—accelerated by all the factors of the war—is unquestionably toward more colleges and universities supported in whole or in part by public subscription. It is a trend which is not likely to be reversed by argument or wishfulness, and which probably will not be counteracted by a new spurt of private generosity. By the same token the tendency seems also toward larger institutions than the typical New England college.

The historic contribution of small colleges to American life is not seriously disputed by the informed. The power of their influence went all over the country—in the form of graduates who became teachers and in the founding of scores of colleges (usually "denominational") in Western and Southern states some of which attained significant proportions.

Now, as these two books remind us, Amherst College in Massachusetts this year celebrates the 125th anniversary of its founding. And they help us the better to pause and look backward in order to sense new directions in relation to older ideas which seem now somewhat spent and inoperative. In the one case we have a diary of the Amherst of the late eighteen forties; in the other we have an outsider's estimate of "piety and intellect" in the period from the Civil War to 1912. Perhaps nothing essentially new is added to our knowledge of small colleges in general or in particular by these two centenary studies. But they do focus attention sharply upon modes and methods which have passed away. And with the passing of these we witness either a lessened, an improved, or merely an altered total effectiveness of all those colleges of which Amherst can be a convenient representative. This is the really vital problem which these studies pose.

For those colleges imparted a set of "first principles," a philosophic and religious outlook, which was as explicit in its own way as is the foundation upon which Catholic higher education is still built. Now they have become affected by modern secularism, and as far as religious principle is concerned there is little to choose between them and the explicitly secular outlook of the state universities. Even by 1912, as Mr. Le Duc clearly shows, Amherst had sloughed off any lingering aroma of clerical assumptions. And on the score, also, of educational philosophy and method, there seems now little to distinguish the private from the public college.

Is the day of the small private college over? Is any positive influence of religion, or of acceptable first prin-

"I caught six grammatical errors, Pop. How many did you notice?"

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ciples, a thing of the past in American higher education? Can secularity carry along with it a new passion for public responsibility and devoted commitment of graduates to a social good?

These are the questions which press hotly for answer in the minds of all educators who are aware of the kernel of necessary values embedded in the experience of which these two studies are reminders. It is a deep mindfulness of the dangers of a spiritual vacuum in the transitions now in process which underlies Chancellor Hutchins's critique of our colleges. His remedy may seen nostalgic for lost simplicities of doctrine; but his identification of current intellectual and moral confusion is correct.

Amherst, looking ahead, would not presume to have all the answers. But Amherst, more than many colleges, has recently submitted to a course of self-examination and formation of program which embodies a humanism that is far from sterile. Both its alumni committee study and its faculty report on "the post-war college" (both printed by the college) breathe a philosophic outlook and reflect educational objectives which are affirmative, naturalistic, and socially purposed.

They at least suggest that what was lost was not all loss, that it is possible after the doctrinal housecleaning of the last half century to move into a swept and garnished room where the enlightened human spirit may live more spaciously, more fraternally, and with deeper insight into life's meaning.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 169

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 169 will be found in the next issue.

M APDFB CKEGZC LME PH K

RDORTMH KHB GKNZ ME KFF

EP OWLZFS EGKH QZ XCPABZB

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 168

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EACH year, as we survey the list of new books on our college list, we are struck with a train of thought which begins something like this:

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Today, with perhaps more confusion in the world's thinking than ever before, we are especially anxious about the extra-curricular role of our educational books. We believe they are pointed towards the right goal — the goal of full understanding. We believe that they frequently provide the simplest, clearest, and most authoritative avenue to this understanding.

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Listed below are just a few of our recent publications in Economics, English, Political Science, and so on. If your interest quickens at one or two of the following titles, why not pursue them further? You will discover, we'll wager, that "textbooks" may become your most absorbing, exciting and enlightening reading.

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The High School and After

INTEGRATING HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. By Leonard V. Koos. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 208 pp. $3.

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR TOMORROW. By Dan Stiles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 209 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN S. DIEKHOFF

A RECENT important innovation in the organization of the American educational system, an innovation known as the "6-4-4 plan," is designed to provide better integration of high school and college work, to avoid overlapping of high school and college programs, and to establish educational units which better reflect the kind and content of education appropriate to different age-groups. Under this plan, the first six years are devoted to primary education in primary schools. The next four years are devoted to secondary education in institutions known as junior high schools or high schools. The next four years are devoted to general education in institutions called junior colleges or colleges. Specialized higher education is left to "standard colleges" or universities. Under this system the student completes his high school training at the end of what is normally the sophomore year in high school and his college training at the end of what is normally the sophomore year in college. Instead of getting half his "general education" during the last two years in high school and half during the first two years in college, the student gets a four year collegiate course of general education as a separate component of his education.

The 6-4-4 plan has had its greatest development in the public school system of Pasadena, California, where its establishment was begun in 1923 and completed in 1928. The four-year Pasadena Junior College and the four year College of the University of Chicago, and the lower schools that precede them, are the most influential organizations in the development, but Mr. Koos cites ten systems in which the 6-4-4 plan is already in operation.

"Integrating High School and College," the subtitle of which is "The Six-Four-Four Plan at Work," is a complete and systematic study of the plan. Mr. Koos traces its origin and describes its present status. He investigates the number of high school and junior college administrators who prefer the plan to alternative means of integrating high school and college programs. He discusses the superiority of the four-year junior high school to other junior high school organizations. He points out the defects of current junior college curricula in general and analyzes the more promising curricula of the Pasadena Junior College and the College of the University of Chicago. He studies activities and guidance programs, the qualifications of junior college instructors, administrative problems, procedures, and costs, and the physical facilities currently used by junior colleges. His study of these matters is based upon interviews, questionnaires, visits to the institutions, and analyses of their publications.

Mr. Koos's book has the defects of its qualities. The general reader will find himself repelled, sometimes, by its detail and by the frequent statistical tables. He will not be attracted by the style.

"Integrating High School and College" will be less interesting to the general reader than to the professional educator, but both may learn from the book a great deal about the future of American education.

General reader and educator alike will learn less from Mr. Stiles's "High Schools for Tomorrow." In proposing an expansion of high school "activities programs" to the point where "activities" are to provide the main substance of high school training, Mr. Stiles does not propose that all formal classroom teaching be discontinued and all "courses" and "subjects" be eliminated from the curriculum. He would retain or establish courses in five fields: social science, English, family living, enjoying life, and preparation for careers. He would omit training in languages (especially Latin), in mathematics and theoretical science, and in most of the subdivisions of the fields he would retain. On the other hand, he would establish in every high school a student-operated store, bank, restaurant, juke joint, movie, chapel, garage, model home, newspaper, radio station, clinic, and library. "For what is now known as the 'curriculum'" he believes that "tomorrow's high school will substitute a system of rotation among these activities," and he believes that this will be a good thing.

Mr. Stiles tells us his book "should make interesting general reading, for the story of the public high school is as American as apple pie." But there are many books less persuasive than apple pie. Mr. Stiles's is among them.

John S. Diekhoff is a member of the English department of Queens College, New York.

Time to Return to Town

By Melville Cane

SUMMER, autumn, are over.
Deep at the tamarack's roots
The last provident squirrel
Has buried and banked
The last late nut.
On ghostly stems
The golden-rod hangs stiff in withered fields.

Along in the night the northwind charged,
Driving the moon to cover.
Chill, like a rat,
Gnawed at the eaves,
Scratched at the sills.

To-day, as the early sun wears through,
There's frost in the ruts,
Crust on the rim of the pool.

We've sheltered the roses with leaves of oak,
Swaddled and trussed the evergreens,—
May as well face it,—we're beaten!

Phone the plumber to drain the pipes,
Leave the address with the R.F.D.,
Pluck the final chrysanthemum,
Pack the trunk-case,
Step on the starter,
Set the clutch!

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Life Aboard "The Bucket"

MR. ROBERTS. By Thomas Heggen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

THE *Reluctant,* a naval auxiliary, operated in back areas of the Pacific during the war. A cargo ship, she carried supplies of all kinds and a complement of 178 disgruntled officers and men. This collection of incidents and character sketches is the story of how these men, particularly the fourteen officers, all of whom were reservists, endured or rebelled against the inglorious tedium of their life aboard "the bucket."

Singled out for the author's admiration is Mr. Roberts, first lieutenant of the ship, cargo and maintenance officer. Mr. Roberts, the author says, was a born leader. A medical student before entering the Navy, Mr. Roberts joined up to fight, some undeniable compulsion driving him into a war he could have avoided. Instead of the action he wished, he drew duty on the *Reluctant,* almost three years of it. Though chafing at the restraints which bound him to the auxiliary, he performed this duty to the admiration of his fellow officers and the men of the ship. With emphatic profanity they declared him the best officer abroad.

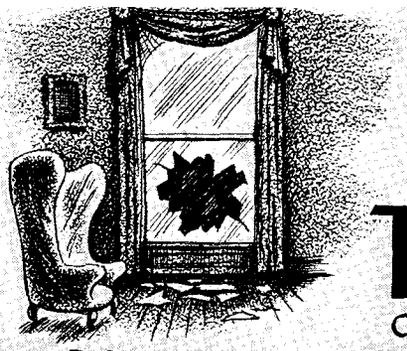
Little else that is told of the lieutenant shows him exceptional. The reader must take the author's repeated assertions of Mr. Roberts's heroic character largely on trust.

Officers and men are united in their hatred of the liteutenant commander who captains the *Reluctant,* an ex-merchant mariner who is pictured as both stupid and tyrannical. Mr. Roberts once shoots him in the pants with a wad of lead foil. On another occasion he throws the captain's potted palms overboard. On a third he defies the superior who had threatened him with confinement to quarters. These are great deeds aboard the ship whose officers and crew are bored, soured, suffering from the heat, the enforced inaction, and their long segregation.

The rest of "Mr. Roberts" is incidents illustrating the chronic depression, lassitude, and bitterness to which men succumb under such conditions. Many ex-service men will recognize the causes, symptoms, and the accuracy with which the results are told in this slight volume. Life is reduced to meaningless profanity, unceasing hungry talk of sex, as much drinking as possible.

Less faithful reporting would have conveyed the facts as well. The accurately transcribed profanity of "Mr. Roberts" gets boring, the sex talk duller than it must have been at the time, and the drinking unspectacular. Perhaps because the author stays realistically close to the surface of his characters, the young college-boy or recently college-boy reservists seem commonplace and dull in a situation which might well have given them some individuality.

The warfare against the captain gives "Mr. Roberts" its best subject and provides some amusing bits. Obviously the men needed someone or something to blame for their unhappiness. Obviously the petty and weakly hard-swearing captain had earned their contempt. The pranks played on him as the only available means of retaliation against authority and its clownish representative, his comic behavior when once again he has been made ridiculous, provide the best reading in an otherwise "authentic" but unexciting and not very perceptive book.



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Tomorrow's Doctors

THE UNIVERSITY AT THE CROSSROADS. By Henry E. Sigerist, M.D. New York: Henry Schuman. 1946. 155 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD H. HUME, M.D.

THESE are challenging essays, written by a master. You hear a devoted social scientist tell of his training and bring the witness of a keen analyist, who is eager that university men, while thinking calmly and searchingly, shall enter the educational arena today with passion and with hope. The challenge of these essays, which are alive with social consciousness, is primarily to our attitudes: What sort of physician will the world of tomorrow need? Will he be aware of the historical moment in which he lives, aware of the great social responsibility that rests upon him? What sort of comprehensive medical care will society require tomorrow? Are we willing to throw our social strength into seeing that this is provided for "everybody, whether rich or poor, whether white or black?"

Again, if we are men of culture, do we know what the great classics of medicine are, whose spirit and wisdom should permeate and guide our life and practice? The author's own attitude becomes clear as we read of a trip he once took on a Black Sea steamer. At the book kiosk on board it was striking that the books displayed most prominently and sold best were

> biographies of great scientists and classics of science of which a new series was in course of publication. I watched an intelligent looking boy of about sixteen or perhaps seventeen years of age who browsed for a while and finally bought a volume that contained several treatises on electricity by Luigi Galvani and Alessandro Volta, in Russian translation.
>
> The next morning, strolling on the deck, I suddenly saw the young man, sitting on the floor, his forehead in both hands, deeply absorbed in reading his book. Desirous of making a test, I sat next to him and soon we were talking.
>
> "How do you like this book?"
>
> "It's fascinating, but very difficult."
>
> "Why do you read such old stuff?"
>
> He turned around sharply, looked me in the face and snapped out:
>
> "I want to become an engineer. If I cannot understand what they knew a hundred and fifty years ago, how can I ever hope to understand what we must know today!"
>
> I felt like kissing him on both cheeks, but he could not understand why I was rejoicing and probably thought that I was somewhat queer, as foreigners are.

Once more, have doctors and the general public an adequate conception of the functions of medicine? Do they think of medicine as having a social goal, presupposing a relationship between at least two individuals, the patient and the physician, or between two groups, social on the one hand and the medical corps, in the broadest sense of the word, on the other? Are not these four major tasks of medicine: The promotion of health, the prevention of illness, the restoration of the sick, and rehabilitation? "In view of the fact," writes Sigerist, "that medicine has become a social science and that so many other social sciences have entered into its orbit, it is strange to find that these studies scarcely have any place in the curriculum of our medical schools, and that students are trained almost exclusively along scientific lines."

The two most compelling essays in this collection are "The University's Dilemma" and "The University at the Crossroads." In these essays the two main themes of the book are hinted at, then driven home with force:

(1) How shall the universities escape the dilemma of traditionalism that was always their curse in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? At this point we do well to read, side by side with Sigerist, Newman's "Interpreters of Nature." Both writers tell of the great sequence in Italy—Salerno, Bologna, Padua—and of the decadence of the universities thereafter, when the universities "became rigid by necessity whenever they looked to the past and adhered to a social order that no longer existed, instead of being larger contributing factors in the shaping of the future."

(2) How shall the universities overcome their fear of the controversial? The author gives us two vivid examples that reveal how serious the situation is. The first is the fear of discussing the Soviet Union. For twenty-five years that theme was practically untouched in our universities until, with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, Cornell University took a pioneering step in the summer of 1943 by announcing a sixteen-week course intensive study of "Contemporary Russian civilization." The second is the unwillingness to touch the problem of the distribution of medical care. For the most part, because this was a controversial subject, one that seemed to affect vested interests, the universities refused to touch the problem, and the research was left to private groups and to government agencies.

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The Bells Rang Four Days

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS. By Russell Janney. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1946. 497 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

THAT old cliché, tour de force, supplies a compact description for "The Miracle of the Bells." For the author has so mastered the art of capturing and holding attention that he practically coerces the reader into finishing his lengthy novel. And this feat is noteworthy because the plot, though based on a highly ingenious idea, is naïve, incredible, and continuously obvious.

After Bill Dunnigan, Broadway press agent, has worked his magic spell once or twice, it becomes evident that every subsequent incident will eventuate in his favor. He is always the winner whether he comes into conflict with his boss, Marcus Harris, motion picture producer, gets into an argument with an undertaker, runs up against a belligerent state trooper, has a fight with the town bully, or starts a theological controversy with an unfriendly cleric.

When the story opens Olga Treskovna, the heroine, is dead and Bill, the hero, is very much alive. Nevertheless, they are deeply in love with each other though neither one was conscious of the fact during the brief lifetime of the girl, an ex-burlesque queen and motion-picture actress. To be sure, Bill had spent many years helping her professionally, but only after her death does he realize that he loved her. This belated knowledge transforms him from a mundane press agent into a miracle man who, thanks to his good deeds, is inferentially identified with Saint Michael.

Scene one shows Bill transporting Olga's body to her birthplace, the benighted mining settlement of Coaltown, Pennsylvania. Here he blithely arranges for her funeral, an event which enables him to carry out a pledge he made to Olga before her demise; to keep the local church bells ringing for four days and four nights as a double tribute to the girl, herself, and to her dead father.

The task is not easy. To gain his bizarre objective, Bill has to struggle with city officials, rationalize the town idiot, piddle around with bank clerks, church dignitaries, hotel waiters—the entire community. When the bells start ringing, however, their reverberations jostle lost souls, inspire converts, and startle Broadway and Hollywood simultaneously.

The funeral, as a result, is a superduper hit, with an augmented choir, a cross of orchids, a Metropolitan opera baritone, visiting capitalists, and an honorary group of Hollywood male star pallbearers.

The thousands of readers who enjoyed Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" will rush to get copies of "The Miracle of the Bells." They'll find a spacious, colorful story. But they must not expect a book of comparable literary worth. Most of the characters are peripheral rather than three dimensional, and the circumstances are contrived rather than inevitable. Certain scenes, though, are memorably dramatic: Father Paul's first Mass after the bells begin to ring, the producer's fight with Bill concerning a posthumous film star, and, of course, the moment when the church statues move.

Dramatic also is the bourgeoning forth of Russell Janney as a novelist at the age of 61. He is already well known as the producer of the lovely perennial "The Vagabond King." He proves now that he knows how to tell a story, devise a curious plot, and move large masses of people. But the clever Russell Janney is not a William de Morgan. And though his novel is spiritually intentioned, being compounded of publicity—forever suspect, alas—it fails to convince, in spite of the bells, the tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells.

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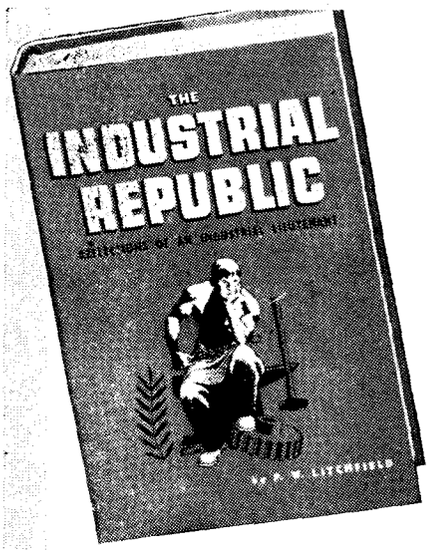

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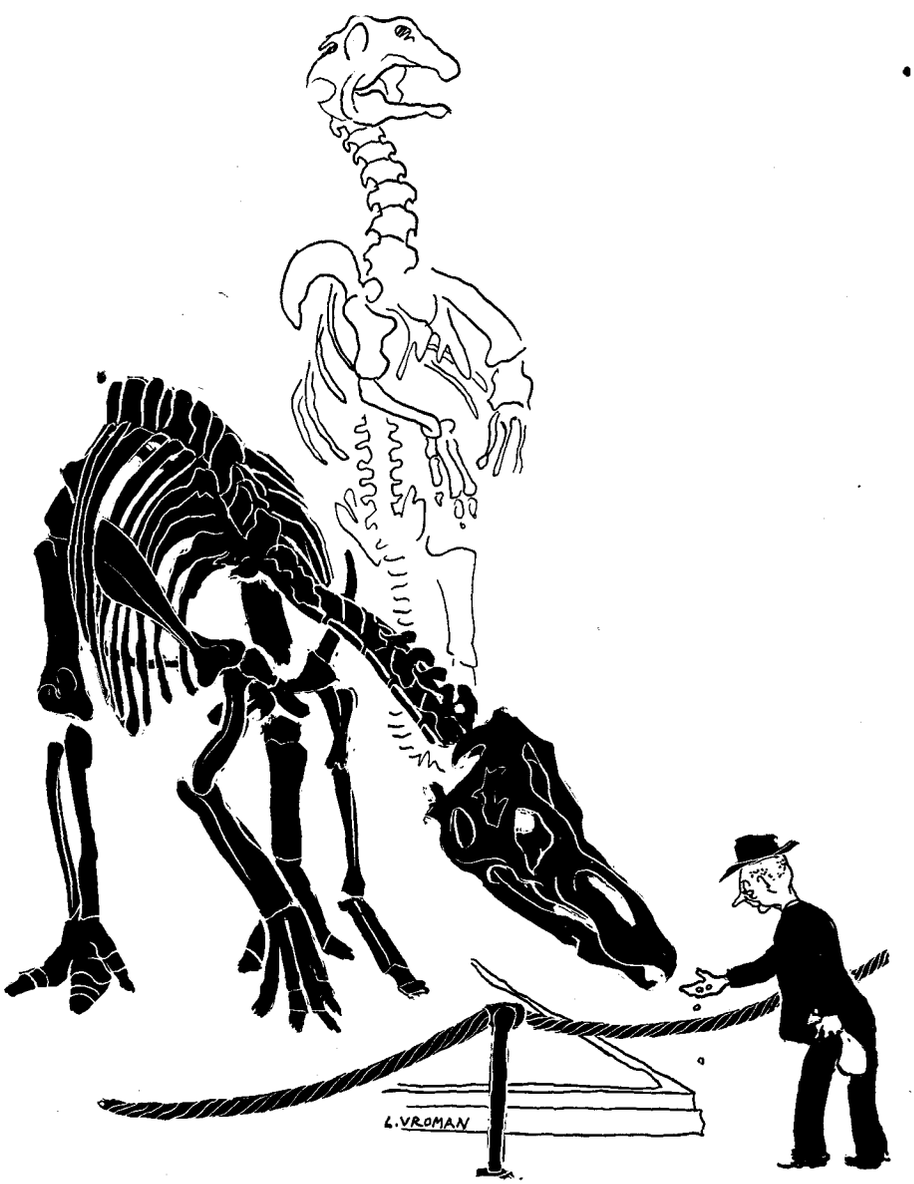
THE BATTLE FOR EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 8*)

the Columbia Law Library and pick up where I left off. Now I'm not so sure. I find myself looking back to those long months and thinking of the purpose that there was to life and of the prestige I had and my own self-confidence. There was a quality of belonging and satisfaction then that I can't describe now. I think we all miss it and we're all looking for that something which gave our lives unity and meaning."

The impact of war upon the veteran shows in other subtle ways. It displays itself in the cleavage between veterans and non-veterans. The fondness of the former for wearing part of the old uniform is not due solely to the clothing shortage. As a young non-veteran student said jealously, "They don't let you ever forget they're veterans. They don't have to say a word—that feeling is there all the time. And when they're not wearing Army clothes, they seem to carry a discharge emblem in the buttonhole of everything but their underwear. Their language too is different. Their attitude is different. They watch the clock as though they're working against time. They just grind away and dismiss college spirit as kid stuff."

The words that Erich Remarque used to describe German veterans in the years after World War I afford deep insight into many of the Americans in college today: "We feel that people do not understand us, that mere love cannot help us. For there is an unbridged gap between soldiers and non-soldiers. We must fend for ourselves." Like Remarque's comrades, the present crop sometimes displays a mild impatience with the academic life. The world which once was a matter of black and white, friend and enemy, survival or death, is now analyzed into grays of min-



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utely varying shades. As they listen to a long professorial discourse, the thought occurs to most veterans, "So what? For all his talk, if he had been where I was, he would have probably gotten himself killed in the first assault." Battlefield pragmatism is hard to lose at first.

But apart from an occasional display of impatience, today's veterans are largely free from the rebelliousness which characterized their predecessors of a generation ago. The present veterans went into the war without elation and emerged without illusion. They have come back older, more inquiring, more searching, less prone to accept unquestionably all that is handed to them, but at the same time not overrun by cynicism. Describing the veterans in his classes, a Chicago professor observed, "They measure what you tell them and weigh it against the terrible insights they have acquired into human nature. They have a backlog of experience which gives them a maturity of understanding not found in other students. They work harder and make better grades, but above all, they bring with them a desire for knowledge. Never has teaching been more rewarding or more demanding."

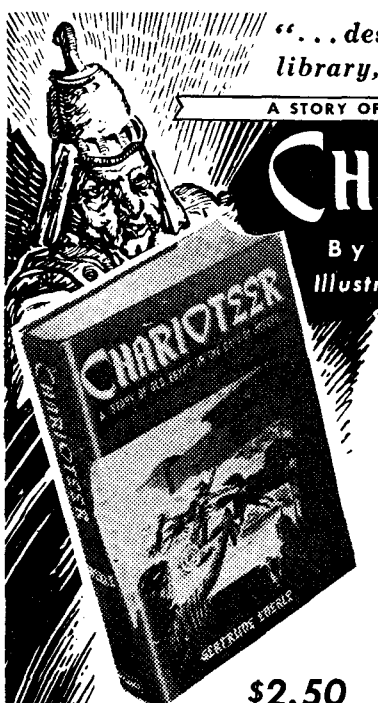
His opinion is buttressed by reports from California, Washington, Harvard, Columbia, N. Y. U., and the majority of schools throughout the country. "It's as though they have a miser's count on the minutes and hours," the dean of a Midwestern university said.

Perhaps the strongest symbol of how closely the war has touched some men can be found after the long evenings of study when ex-GI's seem to gravitate into little groups which seldom include non-veterans. Replacing such traditional college topics as sex, philosophy, and politics is talk about the war. Not grand strategy as discussed by civilians, but the professional reminiscences of men who have seen the face of war close up. Words like glory, patriotism, devotion, duty, and the like are never mentioned. Instead, just the plain numbers of units like the 16th and the 442nd Regiments, the 100th Bombardment Group at Schweinfurt and the 303rd over the Big "B" on three consecutive February raids, and the dozens of battle-tried divisions coupled with place names like Cassino, Omaha, St. Mère Eglise, Malmédy, and their counterparts in the Pacific stand without need of supporting adjectives.

But even in these sessions devoted to past glory, events are blurring imperceptibly, and the sharp sting of first memory is receding as the old experience integrates with the new and the patterns of peace supplant the patterns of war. The nation's concern should not be focussed on the veteran's adjustment to college so much as on the seeming inability of the college system as it now exists to adjust to the veteran, to meet his needs and to find room for the hundreds of thousands who are presently being shunted from institution to institution throughout the country without hope of entry. The real crisis today concerns the fact that however much education may be a respected American ideal, it is still organized on a scarcity basis, and there is no fundamental attempt under way to adjust its capacity to the unprecedented demands of the nation. Today 2,080,000 students are competing for 1,600,000 seats. In 1950 there will be 3,000,000, but no corresponding increase in educational facilities is promised. And by 1960, enrollments will swell to 6,000,000, according to professional estimates.

Unless the nation performs the same miracles of expansion in the field of higher education that has already been achieved in its production industries, there is a very serious threat of another lost generation—a generation of peacetime casualties in the coming battle for education.

Mr. Robin, himself a veteran of the war in Europe, is a graduate of Columbia (A. B. and A. M.) whose own quest of a doctorate was interrupted by his military service. He is assistant director of the American Civil Liberties Union.



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FOUR YEARS AT HARVARD

(*Continued from page 7*)

I think, been tempted a little too much by the lure of the elective system. I was a little sorry that instead of concentrating. I had scattered my work in too many fields. For two years I had kept on with the classics—partly, I suppose, because that was the family tradition, my father having first been a teacher of Greek and Latin. Then, too, I had some sort of subconscious realization that, as Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford had said so many times—inasmuch as we are direct descendants of the Hellenic and Roman civilizations of the Mediterranean, how can we know what and why we are, without some knowledge of Greece and Rome and without in part understanding the languages? I was sensible enough to include in my courses considerable English composition (which was helped by my constant newspaper writing); a course in international law—why, then, I don't remember, but twenty years later it began to come in handy; no mathematics—in fact, really no science at all—stupid of me, I guess.

Then there were three courses in philosophy, that department at Harvard being far outstanding among all the universities of the country. Philosophy seemed rather out of my line, for I was given to action rather than to meditation and speculation. It was the men—all three of them falling in my classification of giants—rather than the subjects that attracted me—George Herbert Palmer, Josiah Royce, and William James. (George Santayana was just beginning as an instructor.) Professor Palmer taught us ethics in a most alluring manner. I had already known him through his perfectly corking metrical translation of Homer's "Odyssey." Royce taught us something of the history of philosophy. He was a provocative lecturer—you never knew which way he was going to turn, but whatever way it was, he was sure to open up new vistas for you.

The most alluring of the three was of course William James. He had a brilliant elder brother, Henry James, the eminent novelist who was just beginning to come into his own and whose novels in these days are having a renaissance. The repute of no one of my Harvard teachers has, I imagine, continued to live fifty years after so vigorously as has that of William James. After taking these courses, I might well have testified that of all my academic work at college, they at the time seemed most vital to me, most stimulating in opening up new fields of thought, although in later years I became far more interested in history and economic development.

As I glance over these pages (which have of course been written purely from memory) I note I have not mentioned the Old Play Club. The English Club, long established and meeting regularly, had a good deal of interest for us, but I think I got more out of the Old Play Club. It was not really a club. It was only an evening gathering, in one another's rooms, of six or eight of us seniors, all close friends, to read a few old plays, each of us taking one of the characters. Most of the plays we read—not over half a dozen in all—were eighteenth century, but one or two went much further back.

I have been trying to remember who the members of the group were and what became of them. Only one afterwards became a dramatic critic or had anything to do with the theater. Another was literary and musical. He composed very passable verse for college days and wrote some fugues that ought to have seen the light of day. A newspaper correspondent in the Spanish War, he later became a publisher in a modest way, but after a few years of that life, he retired and placidly lived and died on the left bank of the Seine in Paris. Another member became of all things a stockbroker! Another a lawyer.

The most striking figure of all, a notable athlete in college days, an

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iconoclast in almost all fields of thought, bought himself years after graduation a sugar plantation on an island in the West Indies and reared a small family there. One of his exploits was that on a certain late November day long ago he became overwhelmed (so he explained to me later) with a nostalgia to eat Christmas dinner in Peking. Catching a banana steamer to New York, he crossed the Atlantic, made a dash for St. Petersburg (as it was then under the czars), and took the fortnight journey across Asia on the trans-Siberian railway. Arriving in Harbin, he hurried down through Manchuria and finally reached Peking on Christmas Eve. Next day he had two Christmas dinners, one Chinese and one European style, both in solitary state with a couple of quarts of warmish champagne. Sated and satisfied, he retired to a dreamless slumber and was awakened at noon on December 26 to take the train north, retracing step by step his long and lonely trek westward across Siberia, Russia, the Baltic, the Atlantic, and so home to mother and the children.

One good effect that the readings in the Old Play Club had on me was to lead me to spend more time in the college library. It was of the good, old-fashioned type not so cumbered up with card catalogues and regulations (quite necessary in these later days of specialized text and reference books) as to prevent a student from browsing about and dipping into all sorts of volumes that might attract him. Even if this irregular reading could be argued as a bit demoralizing, it was exciting, and I found it especially helpful in some study that I was just then undertaking on the Renaissance.

Unlike so many of my friends who had come from large cities, I had had the run of no art galleries at all. The result was that I got a great stirring up from the fine arts courses that I elected to take in my last college year. They were under the distinguished Charles Eliot Norton, a person of great erudition and an almost overexquisite taste, but a master of his professorship, the history of art. One of the leaders of the Harvard faculty, he was the contemporary and friend of Carlyle, Burne-Jones, Matthew Arnold, and also John Ruskin, who in his earlier career was reputed to have come under Norton's influence and to have regarded him as his "master," a rather interesting reversal of the usual transatlantic influence. His English was perfect, his voice modulated and melancholy, and he seemed far removed from the workaday world of America in the nineties.

Very naturally, for Professor Norton Greece was the source of everything sublime in art. The Renaissance was the re-flowering of most that was worth while in the ancient world. Starting with Cimabue, he led us gently, methodically, and with vast entertainment through the Renaissance. It was four or five years later when I took my first trip abroad and had the leisure to spend long afternoons in the galleries of England and the Continent that I began to appreciate what Professor Norton had, in his quiet tones, brought into the lives of so many of his pupils like me, wholly untutored in the field of art.

June, 1892, came and I found myself after an exciting Class Day and Commencement saying good-by to Harvard. I could not linger on, because immediately after Commencement I was to begin work as a reporter on the old *Tribune* in New York City. I was leaving Harvard with regret, yet eager to find out what lay ahead. My four college years had been filled to the brim. I could see many mistakes that I had made, but I had managed to get along better than my fondest dreams had given me a right to hope. Probably my extracurricular activities had been too extensive and certainly my studying too discursive.

What I am saying sounds like an apology. It is, in a way. Yet all my memories of the four years were happy ones: there was everything to remember, nothing to forget. And I think, as I left the Yard behind me, there were two feelings uppermost in my mind. The one was how humbling

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an experience four years at college was—to begin to have realization of the vast stores of learning and thought that had been made available to us; the wonderful minds and men at whose feet, so to speak, we had sat. Back in the sixteenth century one Sir Edward Dyer wrote some lines that are often quoted, beginning:

My mind to me a Kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.

In repeating these lines I do not mean to indicate that for each of my classmates and me the mind had become a wide realm of any great value. But our studies, our contacts with fine intellects among our teachers, our many activities, had brought home to us the fact that we could utilize our minds as we pleased, for good or ill. And the realization of that meant that college had on the whole been a wholesome preparation for life.

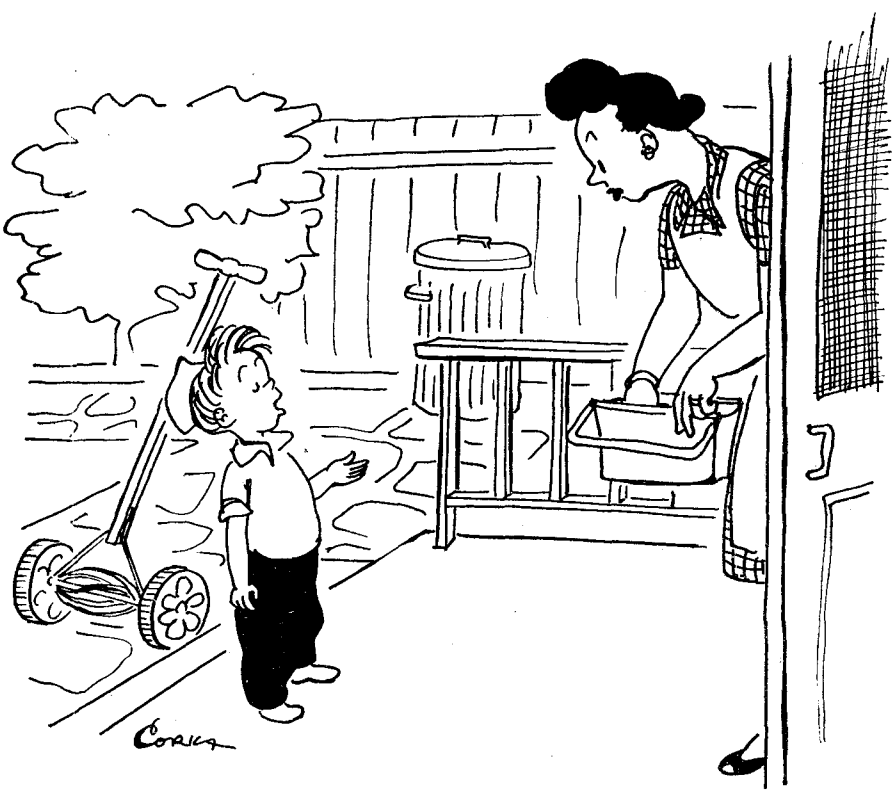
The second emotion that kept coming back to me was the sense of freedom that the atmosphere of Harvard and the years we had spent in it had brought home to us. In his inaugural address, delivered in 1869 when he was only thirty-five years old, President Eliot had said that "the winnowing breeze of freedom must blow through" all the chambers of the college. What he then declared must come true had indeed been fulfilled. No student of my day, I believe, could have spent those four years at Cambridge without being swept through and through with that great winnowing breeze of freedom which Mr. Eliot had invoked.

It all fitted in with Professor Royce's last lecture of the year to us when at the close he had put away philosophy and had given us his benediction in these words that I have never forgotten: "My dear young gentlemen, what I pray is that you may be granted the wisdom to comprehend and the courage to endure the business of life!"

I HAVE spoken of later contacts with President Eliot. Although now long in the past, I might mention two of them. The first was at a meeting of the Board of the Harvard Overseers on which I had a seat and to which President Eliot had been elected soon after his retirement as president of the college. It was in the midst of World War I, subsequent to our entry into the conflict. Lord Cunliffe (a title not inherited but earned), governor of the Bank of England, was expected on a visit to this country. The question arose with the Overseers as to the propriety of Harvard's granting him an honorary degree. The general impression in the Board rather seemed to be that he was "just another of those bankers." I happened to know Cunliffe well and had seen something of what he had achieved in the financial chaos at the war's outbreak in August, 1914. So I arose to my feet and attempted to paint a brief word picture of that crisis.

I said that in the midst of the turmoil and confusion coming with the catastrophe of war, in the face of the complete breakdown of the international exchanges, with interruption of trade all over the world, Lord Cunliffe had stood like a rock in a raging torrent. He had met with extraordinary wisdom and skill the immediate and huge war demands of the British government, he had put new financial strength into its distraught Allies, he had even been of aid to the municipality of New York City, which had immense obligations maturing in London and Paris which it seemed for a time the city must default upon. But above all Lord Cunliffe had steadied the British Empire financial and trade communities and had therefore rendered immense service to the prosecution of the war all over the world. He never preached. But his scruples were as strong as they were undeclared.

The Overseers voted the honorary degree to Lord Cunliffe. After the



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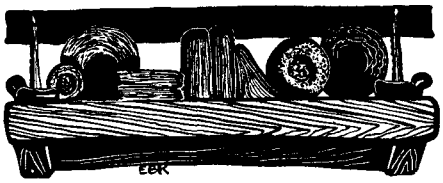

meeting President Eliot came up to me and said, "Lamont, I venture to say that no governor of the Bank of England over the generations has ever been spoken of in the terms which you applied to Lord Cunliffe today."

The second episode was like this: In 1917 I was head of a committee of trustees of Smith College to choose a new president for the institution. I finally came around in my own mind to the name of William Allan Neilson, whose work as professor of English at Harvard under President Eliot I knew something of. So forthwith I journeyed up to Cambridge to ask Mr. Eliot's views.

"Neilson would make a first-class president of Smith College," said Mr. Eliot promptly.

"Of course," said I. "He is a notable scholar and teacher. Is he an administrator as well?"

"Neilson," responded Mr. Eliot, "has a Scotch canniness about him: he'll handle the organization well and he'll keep your budget in balance."

"But one other thing, Mr. Eliot," I said. "I am an overseer of Harvard College. How can I contemplate robbing our own hen-roost?"

"You need have no misgivings," was the response. "No one of us must stand in the way of Neilson's advancement in the educational world."

That was enough for me. And so William Allan Neilson became perhaps the most outstanding president that an American women's college has ever had.

THIS reminiscent essay constitutes a chapter from Mr. Lamont's forthcoming volume (to be published by Harper & Brothers), to be entitled "My Boyhood in a Parsonage." Mr. Lamont has long been greatly interested in educational matters. For two terms he served as an overseer of Harvard College; for almost thirty years as a trustee of the Phillips Exeter Academy, for much of the time as president of the Board of Trustees, and for over ten years as a trustee of Smith College. He is vice-president and trustee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and has long been a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Recently Mr. Lamont gave $1,500,000 for a new undergraduate library at Harvard.

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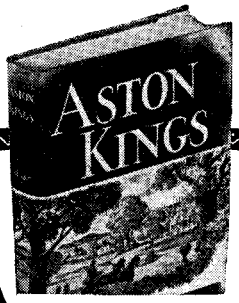

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Bright College Years

CAMPUS VERSUS CLASSROOM. By Burges Johnson. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1946. 305 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES L. MCCONAUGHY.

IN the author's words, these are "chapters filled with fragmentary experience mingled with sundry philosophizings." They make good, and easy, reading, rewarding to anyone interested in the American college.

The book is semi-autobi- although an earlier work, "As Much as I Dare," is more definitely this man's story of his interesting life. Actually this is three books: eighty pages of candid appraisal of the American college; 170 pages of reminiscence of undergraduate days at Amherst and of the experience of a maverick teacher of English composition at Vassar, Syracuse, and Union; and two concluding essays in which, with kindly humor, the author probes many of the collegiate weaknesses of today.

Probably an emeritus professor (whom he defines as a professor "without merit" or "without dessert") now living near the Union College campus brook should not be asked to give solutions for our educational problems. Anyway, he does not; he leaves this largely to the reader. So do not expect to find here the outlines of reforms; read, rather, the wise and kindly ramblings of a philosophical sage.

The author climbed "under the fence" to join the Vassar faculty in 1915. For many years thereafter he continued, part time, his editorial and writing work in New York; he lacks all graduate degrees; he cares little for academic precedents; he must have been a stimulating teacher in his classes in English writing at the three institutions he served, and the many others where he taught in summer sessions.

There are pages which will delight those who look back on their years at Amherst, Vassar, Syracuse, or Union. The three Presidents under whom he served—MacCracken, Flint, and Fox—could not have asked for better pen portraits. There are nostalgic charm and amusing stories aplenty for you, even if you never studied on these campuses.

Mr. Johnson (one imagines he prefers this title to the "professor" he attained at Vassar or the "doctor" which his Alma Mater gave him) would admit that he was not a typical professor, that many of his experiments might have failed if tried by other teachers or in other subjects, that not every teacher can trust his pupils quite as much as did he. But any faculty person reading these pages will surely get ideas for improving his own teaching, and gain a broadening tolerance which will make him less a pedagogue.

The author condemns quite a list of collegiate tendencies and practises, including elephantiasis in higher education, compulsory chapel, poor public relations (particularly with the press), censorship of student publications, academic red tape, fraternities and sororities (with a few marked exceptions), teachers' colleges, courses in education, stilted composition courses, the pedant in the faculty, flamboyant student "recruiting," narrow technical training, presidents who are dictators, and trustees who dominate.

But, far more important, through every page runs the conviction that the American college boy and girl are decent, worth while, responsive, quick to shun shams and to appreciate true worth, to "cherish their hopes and dreams and a trust in the future."

A book like this is a tonic to read; but it is doubtful how much it will help us in the overwhelming job ahead of the American college. The prospects are staggering. In not much over a decade our high school population grew from 1,500,000 to 6,000,000; inevitably, quality suffered. Educational statisticians tell us that almost the same growth now faces the American college. We will have veterans well into the 1950's; prosperity and an increased standard of living will make going to college as normal for boys and girls as going to high school is today. The campus will be covered with Quonset huts, in which a baby's cry will be more natural than jazz. The Vassar Mr. Johnson knew had one thousand girls; the Vassar of the next decade should perhaps do the best it can for two thousand. Teaching will suffer, "college life" will wane, academic standards will be lowered. One can hardly dream of the great veterans' college opening this fall at Sampson offering such privileges as restricted courses taught by teachers like Burgess Johnson.

Well, we shall see; it will be difficult and thrilling and typically American to go in for higher education for the masses. And when it happens books like this will be good reading, even if they describe a happy land of long, long ago.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, SYMPHONY #1. Hollywood Bowl Symph. Stokowski. Victor V 4 (5 *Plastic*) $10.85	A significant comparison. Note surfaces on plastic and shellac are *virtually the same.* Stokowski plastic seems to have rising "curve," exaggerated highs. OK on small machine, harsh on high fidelity equipment unless filtered. Toscanini lacks post-war highs, otherwise is excellent. Rodzinski is best. Wind instrs. beautifully clear.	A (*plastic*)	Musically, Rodzinski is better, unless you like Stokowski's lushness of strings. But Toscanini is best by far. (Victor isn't pressing it now.) Thanks to good surfaces, the Toscanini stands up well on all but fancy high-fidelity equipment.
BRAHMS, SYMPHONY #1 N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia M 621 (5) $5.85		A	
Best pre-war version: BRAHMS, SYMPHONY #1 NBC Symphony, Toscanini. Victor M 875 (5) $5.85 (*Not being pressed*)		A	
NURSERY DAYS (SONGS TO GROW ON). Woodie Guthrie. Supv. Beatrice Landeck. Disc 604 (3 10") $3.15	Heavily recorded. (Disc takes this way of beating surface noise.) Good realism. May "chatter" on small machine.	A	First of graded series. Unpretentious, nice but undistinguished songs by Guthrie. Best value is in words—these are play songs to be acted. Booklet with words.
WAGNER, SIEGFRIED IDYLL. N. Y. Philharm. Rodzinski. Columbia X 265 (2) $2.85	Usual fine high-fidelity work typical of this N. Y. Philharmonic series.	A	Seems to be full orchestra; it was originally played by 16 instruments. It would be nice to have a version that way. This is a good performance.

SOME COMPARISONS

THE comparison above between two Brahms First Symphony recordings raises some fundamental buyer's questions, quite aside from the relative musical values of the competing albums.

Look at the factors. The simplest and the most talked of is surface noise. After a year's trial it is apparent, surprisingly, that Columbia can match in the "standard" record anything Victor can do at present on plastic, thanks in part to the laminated process. Columbias hiss slightly more, but on the other hand the Victor plastic emits tiny sputters and ticks. The net effect is about the same for the two, as I hear it.

As to fidelity, Columbia has managed somehow to record a surprisingly extended range of tones on the "standard" record (at $1). Very likely not as great a range as is possible on plastic (at $2), but certainly a far wider one than can be reproduced on today's usual pick-ups. No more can be asked. And here an engineering complication. Evidently Victor, in V-4 at least, has jacked up the higher range of tones and recorded them proportionately louder than the lower tones, probably to make the records sound better on the average cheap machine. Columbia, judging from its records, doesn't do this. Thus on good quality, high fidelity equipment the Victor plastic is harsh, while the Columbia "standard" is wholly natural. On a cheap machine the Victor record wins hands down. True, the exaggeration of the highs on the Victor plastic can be equalized, brought back to approximately normal, by counteracting filters. But in practice a good phonograph that reproduces exactly what it "hears"—flat, in engineering terminology — is relatively cheaper and simpler than one which has accurate compensating filter systems for special records. Most people would ignore them anyway.

It seems then that, paradoxically, the Victor plastic record as now made is *least* satisfactory on expensive home phonographs and sounds best on the cheaper machines—which certainly is no ideal state of affairs in view of the double price. However, the situation is enormously complicated, and as an amateur engineer I'm treading on rather terrifying ground here. I suggest you keep your fingers tightly crossed for the future.

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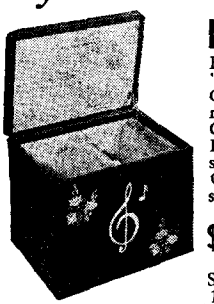

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the Phoenix Nest

CHAUTAUQUA AMERICANA

NOW it is evening, and before it is yet dark
The crowd begins to gather in the great open hall
To hear the diva sing *Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark;*
In one of her arias she will hit high C . . .
While over the Chautauqua hills the cattle wander free,
And the mourning doves give out their lonely call.

Evening again, and the trim granite temple
Fills to the limit. The overture comes, and the curtain . . .
Fans and programs fly, and summer dresses crumple,
And drama straight from Broadway has its night . . .
But across the lake old Genevieve Bascom Wright
Thinks she once saw a play, but isn't certain.

It's Sunday now. The doctors, lawyers, teachers,
Each in his chosen cubicle of grace,
Sit still and hear the nation's famous preachers,
Then hustle back for mammoth chicken dinners . . .
While up the Mayville road two Sabbath-breaking sinners
Mow down a field of hay and Queen-Anne's-lace.

And now September. The corn is ripe; the grapes
Hang purple. The nights begin to tingle;
And Mrs. Wright's as happy as a jackanapes.
The doves are gone. The hay's in; silo's full . . .
And Culture, dressed so lovely and seasonable,
Closes the gate and takes down its shingle.

PAUL H. OEHSER.

* * *

About the misunderstanding about the genesis of "The Young Visiters," Earle Walbridge offers the following:

> "The Young Visiters," says Frank Swinnerton in his "Swinnerton: an Autobiography" (Doubleday, 1936), was "in circulation the greatest success enjoyed in a single season by any book published by Chatto & Windus." Barrie at first refused to write a preface because he was afraid he might be suspected of being the author of the book, and he also believed that as a book it would have no sale. After suggesting E. V. Lucas and F. Anstey as substitutes, he allowed Swinnerton to persuade him to write the preface. Says Swinnerton, "Mr. Winston Churchill brilliantly maintained, I believe, with elaborate textual illustrations, that Sir James Barrie wrote 'The Young Visiters.' It was stated in print that I had written it. One woman journalist, meeting me in Wigmore Street about this time, said nothing then but, 'Did *he?* Or did *she?*' "
>
> When you originally took up Arthur Hugh Clough, it reminded me that my favorite lines of Clough's are carved on Mrs. Humphry Ward's tombstone! Mrs. Ward's father, Thomas Arnold, was the original of Philip in Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and her "Uncle Matt," of course, wrote his noble elegy, "Thyrsis," after Clough's death. The same lines appear on the last page of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere":
>
> Others, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toils shall see,
> And they, forgotten and unknown,
> Young children gather as their own,
> The harvest that the dead had sown.

* * *

Likewise I wish to record this from Franklin Wentworth of Redondo Beach, Calif.:

> An old Chicago friend has just sent me, clipped from the Phoenix Nest of the *SRL* of June 15, your comment on Joe Patterson of the *New York Daily News* (which I had already read). We both knew Joe as a young man, were ourselves idealists and had high hopes of his future as a leader in the cause of humanity.
>
> There is a paragraph in James Lane Allen's "Bride of the Mistletoe" which seems to tell Joe's story:
>
> "It is when the best fails our human nature that the worst volunteers so often to take its place. The best and the worst—these are the sole alternatives which many a soul seems to be capable of making; hence life's spectacle of swift overthrow, of amazing collapse, ever present about us. Only the heroic among both men and women, losing the best as their first choice, fight their way through defeat to the standard of the second best and fight on there."
>
> Joe just couldn't be second best. He had too much ability that pressed to be demonstrated. When he found he couldn't successfully utilize his fine talent in leading the masses to a cleaner sty he chose the other road and gave the swine the food they wanted.

* * *

FOR R. H.
(WHO SAID IT)

"Dear Mr. Poet," she gushed, How long
Did it take you to write this perfectly lovely song,
So full of laughter and tears?"

He answered slowly, "Let me see.
I'll be fifty in June. It must have taken me
Just about fifty years."

DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON.

* * *

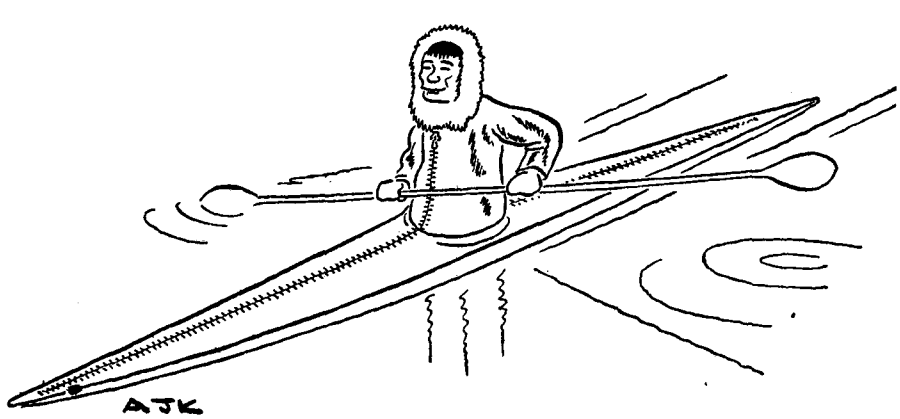
August Derleth of Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, writes:

> Apropos the Phoenix Nest for July 20, Earle Walbridge appears to be correct. May Sinclair is still alive, according to my last information. However, when I was preparing the biographical notes for "Who Knocks?" I was informed from several sources in London that May Sinclair had died in December 1943; hence the occurrence of her "death" in my book.

* * *

Anne B. C. Hart, of Northampton, Massachusetts, mentions to me that there are a good many worthy writers whose names appear only in the footnotes of literature—as the late Leslie Stephen said would be true of him. She cites Thomas Barnes, the great radical editor of the *Times* (London), who meant more to the man of his time than many a flashier figure who suggests Hollywood interpretations of "life among the writers."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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RESEARCHER, WRITER, EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: young woman, experienced, seeks free-lance, part-time work in Manhattan. Box 927-Q.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

EDUCATED YOUNG LADY desires intelligent, stimulating male correspondence. Box 894-Q.

WANTED: Position as housemother or housekeeper by intelligent, capable young woman with child six years. References. Box 895-Q.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

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REFINED EASTERN LADY seeks gentlemen correspondents. Box 896-Q.

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HARD-WORKING JILL would appreciate correspondence chats with a hard-working Joe. Box 898-Q.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, motoring leisurely late November New York-California, via Florida, New Orleans, would like agreeable traveling companion. Box 900-Q.

YOUNG LADY desires correspondence with mature, young gentleman. Box 899-Q.

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WIDOWER, interested in music, golf, theater and literature would correspond with mature woman with similar or related interests. Box 903-Q.

LECTURE, "CHILDREN AS SELVES," by Eli Siegel, auspices Committee for Aesthetic Analysis. Sept. 19, 8:30 P.M. Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th St., N. Y. C., Room 718. Admission $1.00 (inc. tax).

SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR four published novels, latest on summer's best-seller list, will read MSS. No foolish promises. Careful reading, conscientious editorial advice. Reasonable rates. Box 904-Q.

MATURE WOMAN, college background, seeks enlivening correspondence sincere, mature gentleman. Box 905-Q.

UNIQUE SCHOLASTIC OPPORTUNITY. Prominent educational project affiliated with major university offers minimum of 14 months full-time work in Chicago at excellent salary on stimulating, broadening research job under direct supervision of well-known scholar, to several qualified persons. Must be alert, analytical, well-read, have some graduate background, willing to work intensively. Write for interview giving full particulars. Box 906-Q.

EXCELLENT SECRETARY, versatile, college training, seeks challenging position abroad—France, preferably. Box 907-Q.

GIRL COMEDY WRITER; finishing season top radio program; also proficient legit drama; wants interesting job. NYC. Box 908-Q.

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG GENTLEMAN gayly invites correspondence with interesting, normal female who dares to reply pronto. Box 916-Q.

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LONELY YOUNG LADY invites stimulating correspondence. Box 917-Q.

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YOUNG WOMAN desires position as companion to lady. Seeks good home, pleasant companionship. Box 919-Q.

GIRL ON BUDGET necessitating plain living desires to share high thinking with congenial correspondents. Box 920-Q.

WHO WILL CORRESPOND with young man? Varied interests. Box 921-Q.

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LADY DESIRES POSITION social companion to lady of culture. Willing to travel. Box 922-Q.

LAZY WRITER will correspond with anyone knowing about Sioux Indians. Box 923-Q.

VETERAN, 24, graduate student in English Literature, seeks a share in apartment or rooms vicinity Columbia. Box 924-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, WESTERNER, invites correspondence with gentleman interested Hebraism. Box 925-Q.

DUTCH WRITER, RESEARCHER, TRANSLATOR, now in Netherlands, seeks assignments. Box 926-Q.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 651

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

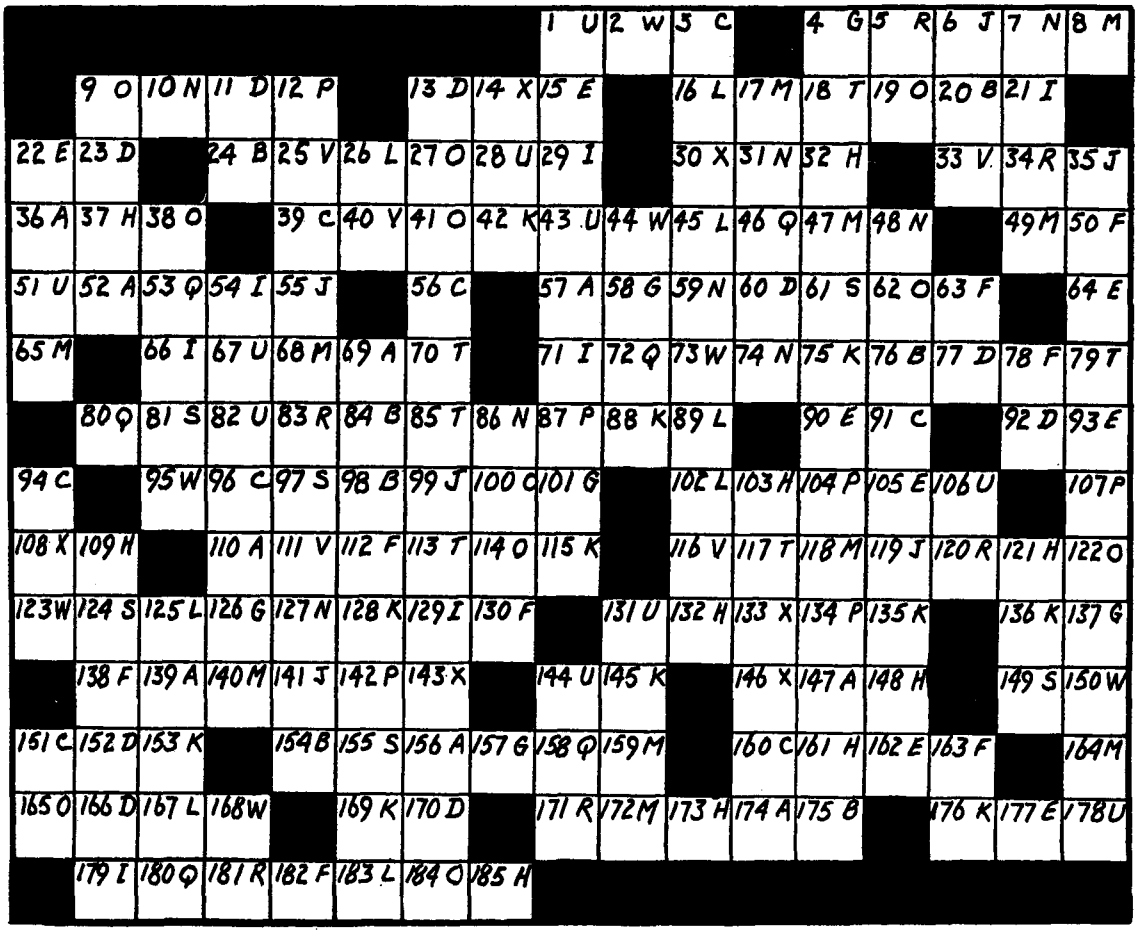
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To yield under humiliating circumstances (after *eat*).	174 147 36 110 69 139 57 52 156
B. Capital of Pomerania, Prussia.	24 20 154 76 175 84 98
C. Pertaining to the school of philosophy founded by Aristippus, disciple of Socrates.	39 3 94 151 91 56 160 96
D. Clustered like grapes.	13 60 77 23 152 170 92 166 11
E. Shining or glossy.	177 22 162 90 15 64 93 105
F. Becomes impeded and inactive (2 wds.)	138 163 50 63 182 78 112 130
G. *Achillea millefolium*, a strong-scented white field-flower.	101 126 157 58 137 4
H. A profitable transaction or enterprise (3 wds.; Colloq.)	121 185 109 132 32 148 103 37 161 173
I. American novelist (1837-1920; "The Leatherwood God," 1916).	21 129 66 71 29 179 54
J. Air; mien.	99 6 141 35 119 55
K. Hodgepodge; medley (Comp.)	145 115 88 176 42 169 135 153 128 136 75
L. A meddler.	167 183 16 45 102 125 89 26

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To reduce or waste piece meal (2 wds.)	55 17 172 140 47 8 68 118 164 49 159
N. Drowsy; sluggish.	59 48 74 10 127 86 31 7
O. A movement in literature and music (late 18th and early 19th Cent.)	122 165 41 19 184 9 27 38 114 62 100
P. To put at a disadvantage (Slang; comp.)	134 142 12 87 104 107
Q. One or more letters, sounds, or syllables added to a word base, esp. in inflection (Gram.)	180 53 72 80 46 158
R. A "kingdom" of North Africa overthrown by Belisarius in 534.	83 5 34 120 181 171
S. To chant.	124 155 149 97 81 61
T. To wait on; to serve.	113 117 85 18 79 70
U. An annual herb used to fatten cattle in the southwestern U.S.	144 51 43 28 67 1 131 106 82 178
V. Hebrew prophet and O.T. Book.	25 40 116 111 33
W. Stilled; calmed.	44 150 73 168 2 95 123
X. Yellow pond lilies or spatterdocks.	14 133 146 108 30 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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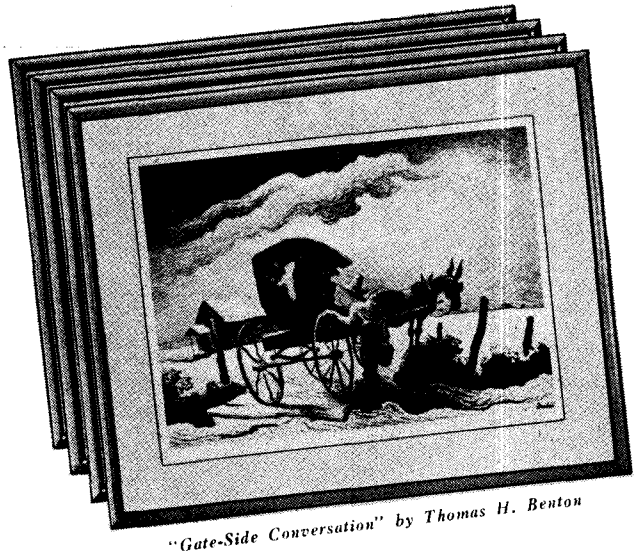

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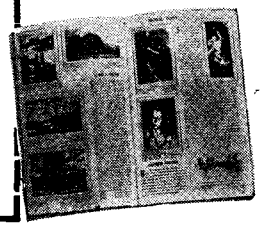

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